

COMING EVENTS

Field Commissioner
MISS BOOTH,
ACCOMPANIED BY
Territorial Staff Band
WILL VISIT

Grimsby Park,
DELIVER TWO ADDRESSES
ON

SUNDAY, JULY 15th,
At 3 and 7.30 p.m.

Staff Band will conduct a Musical
Saturday at 8 p.m., and a Women's
on Sunday at 11 a.m.

LIEUT. COL. MRS. REA

Accompanied by LIEUT. BELL
will visit

Glasgow, Sat., Sun., and
July 14, 15, 16.

Tuesday, July 17.

Thurs., Fri., Sat., and
July 19 to 22. (Reserve Army
and Opening of New Hall
mouth, Wednesday, July 23.

Sat., Sun., and Mon., July 24,
25, 26.

Tuesday, July 31.

Wed., Thursday, Aug. 2.

Fri., Sat., Sun., Mon., Tue.,
Wed., Aug. 4 to 8. (Reserve Army
necessary.)

LIEUT. COL. MRS. REA

Accompanied by LIEUT. BELL
will visit

Glasgow, Sat., Sun., and
July 14, 15, 16.

Tuesday, July 17.

Thurs., Fri., Sat., and
July 19 to 22. (Reserve Army
and Opening of New Hall
mouth, Wednesday, July 23.

Sat., Sun., and Mon., July 24,
25, 26.

Tuesday, July 31.

Wed., Thursday, Aug. 2.

Fri., Sat., Sun., Mon., Tue.,
Wed., Aug. 4 to 8. (Reserve Army
necessary.)

LIEUT. COL. MRS. REA

Accompanied by LIEUT. BELL
will visit

Glasgow, Sat., Sun., and
July 14, 15, 16.

Tuesday, July 17.

Thurs., Fri., Sat., and
July 19 to 22. (Reserve Army
and Opening of New Hall
mouth, Wednesday, July 23.

Sat., Sun., and Mon., July 24,
25, 26.

Tuesday, July 31.

Wed., Thursday, Aug. 2.

Fri., Sat., Sun., Mon., Tue.,
Wed., Aug. 4 to 8. (Reserve Army
necessary.)

LIEUT. COL. MRS. REA

Accompanied by LIEUT. BELL
will visit

Glasgow, Sat., Sun., and
July 14, 15, 16.

Tuesday, July 17.

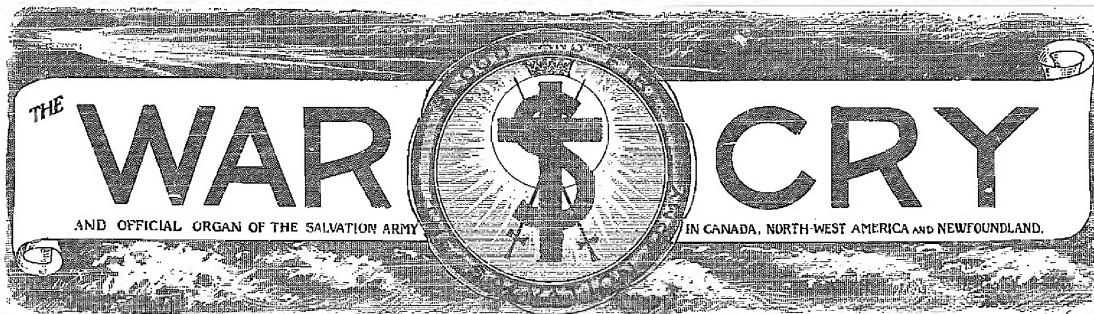
Thurs., Fri., Sat., and
July 19 to 22. (Reserve Army
and Opening of New Hall
mouth, Wednesday, July 23.

Sat., Sun., and Mon., July 24,
25, 26.

Tuesday, July 31.

Wed., Thursday, Aug. 2.

Fri., Sat., Sun., Mon., Tue.,
Wed., Aug. 4 to 8. (Reserve Army
necessary.)



10th Year, No. 41

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, JULY 7, 1900.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Comptroller.

Price, 5 Cents.



"PEACE, BE STILL."

(See page 2.)

"You Bring Blessings"

Remember once reading about a
girl whose father was a poor
man and preached a simple sermon
next. "And they brought him
back." As they were going home
the daughter walking beside her
father that sermon so much
into the father. "When you
to bring to Jesus?" A
expression came over her face
plied, "I think, father, I want
myself to Him." I want
little comrade who reads the
you brought to Jesus? He
put yourself in Him? If
you will do so at once, He
win others for the Kingdom
you!

MEDITATIONS.

By ELIZABETH SWIFT BRENGLE.

No Quarter to the Enemy.

"Thou shalt drive out the Canaanites, though they have iron chariots, and though they be strong."

The Israelites acknowledged freely that God had kept all His promises to them; that, through His help, no man had been able to stand before them; that He had altered the very course of nature, and checked the laws which kept the universe in motion in order to carry out His promises to their little selves; and yet, here they stood hesitating for years at one of His commands, for fear of a few iron chariots! God had been able to dispose of the Egyptian chariots; but they considered His hand too slack to deal with the war-wagons of the Canaanites!

There was something back of this. What was it? I don't exactly know what, but there are so few causes of backsliding (disobedience to God) that one is bound to hit the cause of trouble in this case by naming over half-a-dozen.

They might have stopped praying in secret, and got to depending on the meetings and on their sacrifices for spiritual strength. That is much like depending for nourishment on our dishes instead of on the food which is in them.

They might have stopped listening to the public reading of the law—which corresponds to your letting up on your private Bible reading. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God," and how could they believe with the very source of faith's supply cut off? For that matter, how can you?

They might have lapsed into a longing "to be like other folks," especially in the matter of dress—might have got tired of the peculiarity and conspicuousness of their uniform, and gone to donning their distinctive fringe (Deut. xv. 22), or taking off their blue ribbon, designed by God to make them "remember all the commandments of the Lord your God, to do them; and that ye seek not after your own heart and your own eyes, after which ye used to go a whoring; that ye may remember all My commandments, and be holy unto your God."

One of the very strongest Canaanites of my acquaintance, is the love of dress, and I have never found anything equal to a uniform for keeping it where God put it—outside of my inheritance. I tried other means at first, waiting to try God, and yet took a little "after mine own eyes," but had to come at last to God's plan. I have seen other women and girls also trying to conquer the Canaanite by other means, but in the course of time the mark of its chariot-wheels would score their dress, from foot to crown!

Again, they might have made friends out of these Canaanites—the enemies of their God. There is no driving out sin while one is in a league and fellowship with sinners. There is a world-be Candidate for the work not far from me, who writes long letters, hawaling her inability to come up to God's requirements of her, and floods her pillow with tears over the lost condition of the world. But her intimate, petted friend is a backslider, and she dries her tears over the majority, and goes off chatting, to shed smiles on her favorite sinner. So the Israelites, when an angel came down from God to rebuke their sin, "wept and offered sacrifices," but didn't drive out the Canaanites!

Lastly, their consecration could not have been entire. When one step in the way is really taken, and that foot is firmly planted on the Rock, it is always possible to take the next. There is only one thing that makes it impossible to take any step which God has brought us, and that is, that our will is not entirely submitted to His will. When the will is once given over to God, faith comes, and to faith all things are possible, even the driving out of the whole brood of Canaanites, foot, hoof, and tentacle. Glory to God!

Some people will never know anything about Jesus Christ except what they see in the lives of His disciples. We must remind people of Christ by living the "Christ-life" ourselves. We must walk so close behind Christ that people will not see us, but Christ.—Bishop Thoburn.

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

~~~~~  
(See Frontispiece.)

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me  
Over life's tempestuous sea;  
Unknown waves before me roll,  
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;  
Chart and compass come from Thee,  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

As a mother stills her child,  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild.  
Boisterous waves obey Thy will  
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still;"  
Mondrous Sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

When at last I near the shore,  
And the fearful breakers roar,  
Twist me and the peaceful rest,  
Then while leaning on Thy breast,  
May I hear Thee say to me:  
"Fear not I will pilot thee!"

## RESPONSIBILITY.

## Watchmen on the Wall.

## A WARNING TO SLEEPING SAINTS.

Question: "Am I my brother's keeper?"—Gen. iv. 9.

Answer: "I have made thee a watchman; therefore, give warning from Me."

"When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him no warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thy hand."—Ezek. iii. 17-18. Also see Ezek. xxxiii. 7-8.

"His watchmen are blind, they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber."—Isa. lii. 9-10. And now, dear reader, if not too sleepy, read this lesson from real life.

## Sleeping at the Post of Duty.

"Sleeping while on duty in the Signal Tower of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, near Philadelphia, a signal operator was directly responsible for the death of two men in a resulting collision in a tunnel near by."

Is not this a true type of some lukewarm Christians—watchmen on the wall who have gone to sleep spiritually, who, having ceased to warn sinners, are morally responsible for the destruction of their immortal souls. Reader, are you a sleeping watchman? If so, "Awake thou that sleepest, and rise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

## God Never Sleeps.

While it is true that, after creation, God rested on the seventh day, it is equally true that God never sleeps.

"He that keepeth thee will not slumber."

"Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."—Ps. cxi. 3-4.

"The Lord is thy keeper."

"The Lord is thy shade. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night."—Ps. cxi. 5-6.

"I, the Lord, do keep it" (His vineyard). "I will water it every moment, lest any hurt it; I will keep it day and night."—Isa. xxvii. 3.

When Elijah mocked the false pro-

phets of the false god, Baal, he said, "Pray, venture he sleepeth and must be awakened." In contra-distinction of the true and living God, Who never sleeps.

## The Vigilant Soldier.

The bear of Mafeking, Lieut.-Colonel Baden-Powell, is called by the native Kaffirs, "The Never-Sleeping," so thoroughly vigilant was he, ever on the alert for Boer traps and surprises.

You all know it is death, in active service, for the Sentinel Soldier to sleep at the post of duty.

Equally vigilant, in a spiritual sense, should the Christian warrior—the Salvation Soldier—be in our holy war against the adversary of God and souls, for it is not likely that Satan ever sleeps. Jesus said, in the parable of the tares, that "while men slept" the devil "came and sowed the tares among the wheat."—Matt. xiii. 25-30. The inference is, that

## Satan is Awake

while men sleep. He certainly is very busy in the day-time. I have been unable to find any verse in the Bible to show that Satan ever sleeps. Certainly, unclean spirits do not rest, for Jesus said of the unclean spirit, "He walketh through dry places seeking rest, and findeth none."—Matt. xii. 43; Luke xi. 24.

## Military Trap.

In the South African war the Boers laid traps for the dashing Britishers, who, in turn, laid traps for their enemies. But every day Satan, with ceaseless activity, is always "on business at the old stand," laying traps for the heedless and unwary.

"Be sober, be vigilant, for your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, which seeks his prey both day and night, when hungry—'walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.'"—1 Peter v. 7.

## Satan Trapped.

The devil gave himself away badly when God sprung a trap on him by suddenly asking him, "Whence comest thou?"

Probably taken altogether unawares, Satan would not own up to the evil he had done that day, so he answers evasively, "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."—Job i. 7.

A startling admission, for which Satan probably has repeatedly cursed his unweariness in allowing himself to be taken so surprisingly off his guard.

## Satan's Insomnia.

Yes, after Satan's first malignant persecution of Job, when God asked him the same question, "Whence comest thou?" covered with confusion, strange to say, Satan gave the same embarrassed, non-committal reply as before. "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."—Job ii. 2.

And so Satan has gone on round twice, as himself giving a wonderful confession—a remarkable exposure—of his increasing activity and watchful sleeplessness, which the watchful, spiritual soldier will do well to make a note of, and constantly remember.

## The Wrong Time to Sleep.

Sleeping at the post of duty is criminal when lives may be lost thereby. Sleeping spiritually while the human harvest field is "white already to harvest," is still more deserving of condemnation, when immortal souls are jeopardized—yes, and eternally lost in consequence of such neglect.

Sulomon said, "He that sleepeth in harvest season shall sleep."—Prov. x. 5. Will not Jesus be truly ashamed of those sleeping drones who will appear before Him empty-handed?

Seeing that the harvest is plentiful, and the laborers few; seeing also that "the night cometh when no man can work," it is now as Paul said,

"High time to wake out of sleep" (Rom. xiii. 11) and to gratify the Saviour's injunction to "go out into the highways and hedges," and also take up our cross daily and follow Him, "preaching the Gospel to every creature."

Paul said to "the children of light, and the children of day," "Therefore, let us not sleep, as do others, but let us watch and be sober."—1 Thess. v. 6.

## The Zeal of Christ.

Jesus did not sleep when there was opportunity for good to be done. He was so busy that He sometimes had "no leisure so much as to eat." (Matt. v. 31), so terribly busy that "they could not so much as eat bread," until His friends (?) said, "He is become Himeri."—Matt. xii. 20-21.

Our Saviour was so energetic in doing good that it was truly said, "The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up."—John ii. 17. He sought zealous disciples; take, for instance, the fervent, impetuous Peter; the Sons of Thunder, James and John; the Zealot, Simon Zelotes, of whom the first three were guilty of sleeping on duty.

## The Right Time to Sleep.

After the harvest is gathered, in battle won, then is the time to sleep. "Thy sleep shall be sweet."

"Ye shall not rest to your souls."

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Them which sleep with Jesus will God bring with Him."

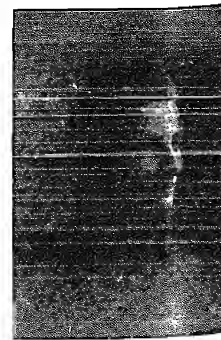
"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God."

"Let us labor, therefore, and enter in to that rest."—Heb. iv. 11.

In conclusion, soldiers of Christ, wake, cry aloud in Zion. Awake to duty as watchmen of the house of God!

"Watch ye, therefore, lest coming suddenly, He find you sleeping."—Mark xiii. 36.—Argus.

An infidel questioned a negro woman: "Does God make people out of dust?" "Yee." "What does He make when it rains, and there is nothing but mud?" "Infidels and sich trash."



Capt. M. Vance, Renfrew, Ont.

## The Chi

Mulberry Bend, not ago, was one of the most in New York City. It in two or three unshaped blocks, knit together, whose reputation some that the lowest, much as glimpsed at the as it was called, was of the notorious Five. a few steps northward and westward of the New it is an open not large nor generous still open to God's blessed with God's grace season, flowers are made on certain evenings given by one of the children at all times the children's ments may romp, and forget for a while the from which they have Probably the first strike you upon sit Mulberry Bend Park, at first a little old, that and laws are

## Alive with Chi

it is the members of only that occupy the which the park is w

a sojourn of above and in the benches, the of Cry reporter observed three women in the on one sat for any length

There is a big police sedately up and down little redoubt, and he plain the underlying fact just noted.

"Of course not," sn Cry man had remark

sence of women; it only a few of 'em come o' days. Ho could when there's hardly a at home, like's not a life on a sewing mach

True, for it is as lush hood as this that the shon rests must be you?—and one must be—and there are much one's man gets small oa

## The Streets of th

So all day long, pent in the terrible little be in a tenement hou stitches, stitches, stitches, blackness before her every nerve of her str

"D'ye see that? ing?" demanded the there to a child of per who was sedulously i

## A Group of Fi

in her charge. "D'y

fire last March in th



his first malignant passion when God asked him, "Where comest thou from, and whither art thou going?" "From confusion, and whither I know not," he replied. "And from the earth, and to the earth," he replied.

has gone on record as giving a wonderful remarkable exposure of activity and waste in the wakeful, spirit well to make a note y remember.

**Time to Sleep.**  
post of duty is crime may be lost thereby. ally while the hazy white already to the descending of condensation, the suns are occasionally lost in consequence.

"He that sleepeth is shame."—Prov. x. 3. Truly a charm of those who will appear before d?

harvest is plentiful. few; seeing also that when no man can be said to be asleep, d to practice the "go out into the dges," and also take and follow him. Hospital to every ex-

the children of light of day." "Therefore, is do others, but let us er."—I. Thess. v. 6. al of Christ.

sleep when there was cool to be done. He to sometimes had to as to eat." (Matt. x. 10.) "They could eat bread," said the ite is beside himself.

as so energetic in d was truly said. "The se hath eaten me." To sought zealous for instance, the for the Sons of Thistle; the Zenot, since the first three were on duty.

**Time to Sleep.**

rest is gathered, the is the time to sleep. It be sweet." "at to your souls," beloved sleep." "sleep with Jesus as him."

h, therefore, a rest to

therefore, and enter in ch. iv. 11. soldiers of Christ, Zion. Awake to duty the house of Israel, fore, lest coming asleep."—Mark xii

oned a negro woman: people out of dust?" does He make when it is nothing but mud? trash."

co, Ronfrow, Out.

## The Children of the Slums.

(From the American War Cry.)

Mulberry Bend, not so many years ago, was one of the most terrible spots in New York City. It was comprised in two or three small, irregularly-shaped blocks, knit together by horrible alleys, whose reputation was so fearsome that the honest citizen rarely so much as glimpsed at them. For the Bend, as it was called, was practically a part of the notorious Five Points, lying but a few steps northward of Worth Street, and westward of the Bowery.

Now it is an open triangular space, not large nor generous, it is true, but still open to God's blue sky, and carpeted with God's green turf, where, in season, flowers are made to bloom, and on certain evenings public concerts are given by one of the city's bands, and at all times the children of the tenements may romp, and if it may be, forget for a while the wretched homes from which they have come.

Probably the first thing that will strike you, upon sitting a while in Mulberry Bend Park, will be the fact, at first a little odd, that while the walks and lawns are

Alive with Children,

it is the members of the sterner sex only that occupy the benches, with which the park is well supplied. In

on Allen Street, and the little girl who that ran through the halls?"

The reporter remembered it indeed: the morning papers of the time told the tale of the little girl's splendid heroism—and this was she, this little girl who was now trying so patiently to make interest for all the little ones in her charge.

The policeman and the reporter strolled across the turf to where the little girl stood.

"Show us your hands, me dear!" said the policeman.

The little girl shyly held out her hands, looking half-frightened as if it might be she would be found in some wrong. Both of the little hands were terribly scarred—probably for life.

The War Cry man, deeply moved, kissed those little hands, and to the policeman freely spoke his mind on them; whereupon the officer told a tale of two other hands, terrible to hear.

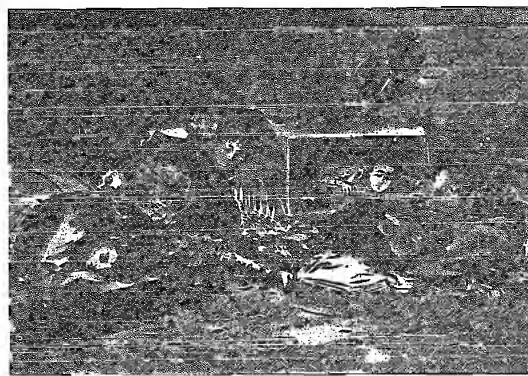
A little boy, this—a little Italian, or Greek, perhaps, for the policeman knew only that he was a "Dago." The eldest of a brood of many, he was, nevertheless, only ten or eleven years old, by the historian's account, though he

Picked up Many a Penny and brought it home, that his mother

when the infuriated father plucked it away, he cut into the boy's hand, far into the bone.

"Ten years," said the policeman, finishing his gruesome story; "yes, 'twas

for ten years he was sent up by the judge, and a good job. When he comes out the boy'll be big enough to kill him—if necessary." And the guardian of the peace coughed awkwardly.



A BREEDING PLACE FOR CRIME. (See "Our Crime Crop.")

### OUR CRIME CROP AND OUR CHARITIES.

(Editorial in New York Journal.)

It is a fine thing to build commodious prisons for our worthy murderers and burglars. It is a good idea to plan and endow clean and tidy insane asylums for our flourishing population of crazy people. The scheme of establishing houses of refuge for bad boys and girls is a worthy one.

But what a waste of charitable energy is there! What a misdirected and misapplied salve to our feelings of humanity!

And why? Walk down into the dark holes of the tenement districts and you will find the tiny bubbling sources of all these things. Through the mud, and bubble, and uproar, the flapping of clothes-lines and rags, the curses of drunken men and hags, you will find all about you the dammed and muddled springs of the crime, craziness and depravity which fill our prisons, asylums, and reformatories.

Children are all about you, cursing, crying, learning mean tricks and petty thefts, forgetting truth and honor, hating the gloomy dens they call home, and knowing nothing of God.

But do not disturb them. By all means let them riot in wickedness and wallow in preceous crime undisturbed. Can you not see that they are not yet ripe for reformation such as we give them?

That little boy in the gutter may make a fine murderer some day, and then we will take him to our prison, send him our flowers and tracts and reform him.

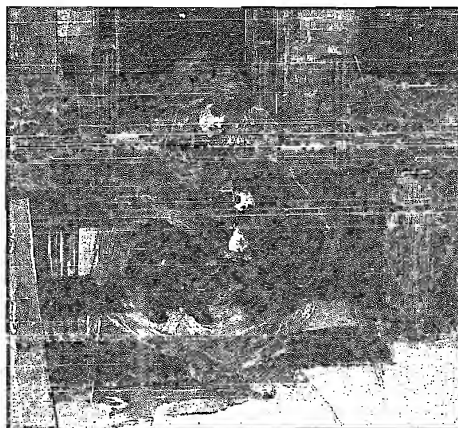
The little girl gnawing rat-like at the rotten apple will give our Scripture-readers a fine chance for the exercise of their talents in a few years, when she has grown sadder with depravity.

A fine crop truly! Let us leave them, therefore, and proceed half-way along the stream of life, between these bitter springs and the great sea of death, and establish our little prisons and our little asylums and our fine houses of refuge, and wait for the small germs to float to us as grown-up criminals and lunatics.

And they will surely come. They will come with lines on their faces and fire in their hearts, a sullen, maddened army, murmuring, remorseless, and filled with hatred of their fellowmen.

Let us continue, therefore, to put out the familiar sign on our tenements: "No children wanted;" and in the halls, "No children allowed in the halls or stairways," and on the roof, "No children permitted here."

Thus the children will be driven to the pavements—the hard sea-level of crime. But do not let any of our multi-millionaires try to prevent all this by building tenements with big play-rooms for the children of the house, in charge of some good child-loving woman. This would cost extra money and—it would be true charity.



THE SLUM ANGEL.

a sojourn of above an hour and a-half in the benches, the other day, a War Cry reporter observed no more than three women in the park, of whom only one sat for any length of time.

There is a big policeman who stalks solemnly up and down the walks of the little enclosure, and he it was who made plain the underlying naturalness of the fact just noted.

"Of course not," said he, when the Cry man had remarked upon the absence of women; "of course, there's only a few of 'em comes here at this time o' day. How could you expect them, when there's hardly a one of 'em but's at home, like's not stitching for dear life on a sewing machine?"

True, for it is on just such a neighborhood as this that the ban of the sweatshop rests most heavily. What will you?—and one must live, must one not?—and there are many children, and one's man gets small pay for his labor on

The Streets or the Wharves.

So all day long, pent in with her work, in the terrible little box, called a room, in a tenement house, the mother stitches, stitches, stitches, till there is blackness before her eyes and agony in every nerve of her starved body.

"D'ye see that little girl out there?" demanded the policeman, pointing to a child of perhaps twelve years, who was sedulously mothering

A Group of Fledglings

in her charge. "D'ye remember the fire last March in the tenement house

might find food for them all. For, like so many another of his class, the father of this house was not steady either in work or in habit.

Probably the wife bore much—incalculably much to the American mind—yet, when he was at length imprisoned for a year for assaulting a constable, she showed no more joy than appeared in her own and her children's greater comfort. They moved to a better tenement, and there, when he came out of the penitentiary, the man found them. From the first he was ugly, accusing them of coniving to get rid of him, and showing a surly anger at their more comfortable condition. Each day his wife gave him certain small sums of money; when he demanded more she told him she could give no more, and for a week the domestic atmosphere was

Surecharged with Trouble.

Finally, late one night he came in, all the devil in him worked by liquor, and failing to get money from his wife, attacked her with a knife.

The boy was abed and asleep, but he heard his mother's shriek, and in a twinkling was at her side. The murderous brute again sprang forward, and again the wife cowered, but the boy with a leap

Caught at the Knife—

snatched at it, reached and clasped his hand around the blade. It was a dirk, edged like a razor on both sides, and



A TYPICAL SLUM CHILD.

## "In Prison and Ye Came Unto Me."

An Account of the Work Done by the Salvation Army at the Central Prison—Interviews with Staff-Capt. Archibald and Bro. Daniels, a Former Inmate, now a Follower of Jesus and Zealous Worker in His Cause.

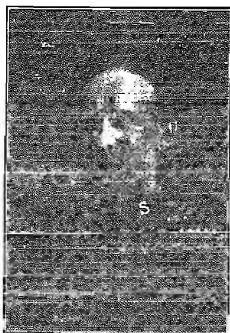
### II.

**F**IFTY-FIVE men?" we queried. "Yes, fifty-five men, discharged prisoners," replied Staff-Capt. Archibald, "have been, with the assistance of friends, taken care of by us since April, and we have been able to find situations for all of them except one or two. None of them have returned, and we have received most encouraging reports from their employers."

When we were further told that of that number about thirty-five were converted, and the balance gave us every evidence that they are most anxious to do better and reform, we were astounded.

We must fully understand the difficulties to get men to give themselves to God while in jail, and perhaps the more subtle temptations to fall from grace after being discharged, to truly appreciate the magnitude of the work accomplished. We have been fortunate in gaining admission to nearly all the jails, prisons, and other penal institutions of this Territory, and the Army has not been shied in making use of this opportunity to bring the sinner's Saviour to those under penalty of the civil law. Numerous pathetic stories could be told, and have been published from time to time, of the Army's work in the jails for many years past. Especially since the inception of the League of Mercy has jail visitation been more systematically pursued. But the Army's work in the Central Prison, Toronto, is of a more recent origin. Formerly, there was a Protestant as well as a Roman Catholic Chaplain. By the way, the inmates are about one-third Catholics to two-thirds Protestants. For certain reasons, which we need not consider here, the office of the Protestant Chaplain was abolished, and the Ministerial Association assumed the responsibility of furnishing spiritual advisers, and ministers to conduct Sunday's Divine services with the Protestant prisoners. The Army held meetings there occasionally, and different officers were appointed as the reception required.

When Brigadier Pugmire became Social Secretary last Fall, the work in the Central received much of his attention, and became very promising; in fact, so much so, that upon his change of appointment, and the transfer of the Social Secretary's work to the department of the Territorial Secretary, a special officer's time was almost required for this purpose. The choice fell upon Staff-Capt. Archibald, who was attached to Territorial Headquarters in April.



STAFF CAPT. ARCHIBALD,

who devotes much of his time to the spiritual welfare of the inmates of the Central Prison, Toronto.

The Staff-Captain works in harmony with the Prisoners' Aid Association, which, for years, has done a most creditable work. Its present Agent is Mr. Spencer. There is plenty of room for the Army's work and that of the Prisoners' Aid Association, and the best of feeling



"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—Matt. xxv. 40.

a hearty co-operation exist between the officers of both organizations. Dunn Avenue Methodist Church also furnishes some devoted workers to the Christian contingent battling against the devil's kingdom in the Central Prison.

Some recent meetings, which were arranged independent of the regular Sunday's services, have shown some remarkable fruit for years of patient labor. In two weeks about

### Fifty Men Have Definitely Professed Conversion.

and appear to be genuine cases. Staff-Capt. Archibald speaks most enthusiastically of these meetings.

There are between 350 and 400 men incarcerated in the Central Prison, undergoing sentences from six months to three years. There is Divine worship held each Sunday afternoon from 3 to 4 o'clock, after which Staff-Capt. Archibald spends some time in personal dealing with the men, interviewing on one occasion as many as 60 men in one afternoon, and praying with forty of that number. This is rather an exceptional record, since it is a very wearying task to consider each man's case, get at his individuality, and feel their burden in order to advise them and deal with them.

Many a heart-breaking tale, which has been shut up within the breast, comes to light, and with it some relief. It is a striking illustration of how men depend on each other, and crave sympathy and spiritual help. It is an effort of the men to make his listener realize that in spite of the crime, the penalty of which he is now paying, there is something worthy of recognition in him.

"One man especially impressed me," Staff-Capt. Archibald said. "He told me

how he had not closed his eyes all night. He was so disturbed in his mind that

He had Faced the Little Cell—Five by Eight Feet—from Dusk Till Dawn.

He wanted help and advice. He wanted to be saved and live right."

Another aged, white-haired prisoner was dejectedly walking into his cell, when the Staff-Captain entered with him.

"This is a beautiful day," he said cheerfully.

Finally they both knelt behind the bars, and the light was drawn from the heart of the old story of drink, which brought about his degradation. To be brief, he finally got converted. I asked him if I could do anything for him. "See my brother, and try to reconcile my wife. If they will forgive me, I shall be relieved." With the permission of the courteous Warden, I interviewed myself in his case. I saw his brother, who agreed to give him a situation on his release, and also wrote to Ottawa to secure his brother's pardon, and I have hopes he will be pardoned."

"Here is another case," the Staff-Captain continued. "It is about a man I found broken-hearted in prison. It is the old story of drink, which brought about his degradation. To be brief, he finally got converted. I asked him if I could do anything for him. 'See my brother, and try to reconcile my wife. If they will forgive me, I shall be relieved.' With the permission of the courteous Warden, I interviewed myself in his case. I saw his brother, who agreed to give him a situation on his release, and also wrote to Ottawa to secure his brother's pardon, and I have hopes he will be pardoned."

### Died in Prison and Refused Burial.

"What about the man who died in prison a few months ago?"

"Oh, you refer to T— His is a very sad case. This man sent for me about two months ago, being under deep conviction. I dealt with him and he was soundly saved then and there. It was undoubtedly a clear case of conversion. Soon after that he took ill and the doctor despaired of his life. I visited his wife at O—, who came and visited him, but was unable to stay. He begged me to send for her if he got worse. He rallied a little, but finally, on Sunday, died. His wife had taken to her bed and could not come. The body, at her request, was shipped to O—, and we wrote to our officers there to look after it and Mrs. T—. Here is the letter we received back:

"When Mrs. T— heard of her husband's death, she went to her minister, asking him to bury the body, but he simply refused to do so. In her extremity she came to me, and I consented at once. In company with her two cousins, the undertaker, and a few others, we went to the station to meet the corpse, and from there went straight to the cemetery. Mrs. T— being ill in bed, I conducted a brief service at the grave. I began with—

'My Jesus, I love Thee,'

and read the portion of Scripture found in the Army's Funeral Service. A sister sang a solo—

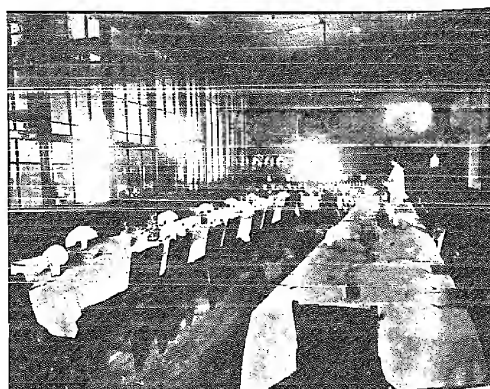
'Shall we meet beyond the river?'

after which I spoke and read the letter from Staff-Capt. Archibald, in which he spoke of the deceased's conversion and his last testimony."

"Through earthly strife to heavenly peace," ran through our mind at the conclusion of this story.

(To be continued.)

A woeful thing it is to any man to have continuous prosperity. A man and lot is his. He does not know it, because he is little, and half blind, and wholly deaf. See a man who, for the last century, has done nothing but sin, and you do not see the most abused, spiritually-reformed, sympathetic soul that can be found.—From Joseph Parker's "Studies in Texts."



THE GUARDS' DINING ROOM, CENTRAL PRISON, TORONTO.

## Prisoners' Aid Work in the

The Prisoners' Aid Association began its work in the Central Prison, Toronto, in 1894. Its first step was the establishment of a Sunday School, and the Association has since then been working for the betterment of the prisoners. The Association has been successful in securing the release of many prisoners, and in securing the pardon of many others. The Association has also been successful in securing the release of many prisoners, and in securing the pardon of many others. The Association has also been successful in securing the release of many prisoners, and in securing the pardon of many others.

MR. FINLAY SPENCER, Agent of the Prisoners' Aid Association, and a warm friend of our work.

portray of Mr. F. present teacher and correction. In addition, teacher, he intervenes to ascertain in which helpful to them, visit prisoners, and give necessary assistance, when practicable, to give orders for more prisoners, provide advice makes long brief, does all he can to rise. Mr. Spencer had seen work only a son realized that the life was not helpful, and a tendency to d. While conversing with somers, he found that live a better life. "leaf," to use his own opportunity. He others who were over again, on other, and to this end he of the prison, Dr. his ready assent to allowed to meet for hour. It is now the since the first prayer attended by

The "Sovereign" of their fellow prisoners have been held regular evening since, and, ing, with an attendance of hundred. Scores brought to the Street out from the prison to their homes the tion. As we go to pleasure that speechless have been c. weeks, with the re men have found the are under deep con work is carried on of the Prisoners' may be interesting workers are made from the various vation Army. During the winter two years, a series given on various sub- blest speakers.

The Indian Pr amounts to \$41,108.



## Prisoners' Aid Association Work in the Central Prison

The Prisoners' Aid Association of Canada began its work twenty-five years ago, having for its objects the reformation of offenders, their welfare while in prison, and also after their discharge, prison reform legislation, and the prevention of crime, taking as their inspiration Matthew xxv. 34-40. The first step was the organization of mission Sunday Schools in the three penitentiaries of Toronto, namely, the Central Prison, the Andrew Mercer for Women, and the Toronto Jail.

As this article refers especially to the work carried on at the Central Prison, we will not here enlarge on the other departments of their work, which are quite as successful. Having faithfully conducted, for ten years, the Sunday School work and weekly preaching services, the Association became impressed with the necessity of providing educational facilities for the more illiterate class. Accordingly an evening school was inaugurated, which has been a great benefit to hundreds of men whose early education had been neglected, and many of whom now look back to these classes at the Central as the beginning of a new era in their lives.

Reading, writing, spelling, correspondence, geography, and arithmetic are the subjects taught.

Accompanying this article we give the

MR. FINLAY  
SPENCER.

Agent of the  
Prisoners' Aid  
Association, and a  
warm friend of our  
work.

~~~~~

portrait of Mr. Finlay Spencer, the business teacher and Agent of the Association. In addition to his duties as teacher, he interviews every prisoner to ascertain in what way he may be helpful to them, visits the families of prisoners and gives relief when necessary; assists discharged prisoners, when practicable, to obtain employment; gives orders for meals and lodgings to ex-prisoners, provides tools, and when advisable makes loans to the men; in brief, does all he can to assist the fallen to rise.

Mr. Spencer has been engaged in prison work only a short time when he realized that the environment of prison life was not helpful towards reformation, especially of the young, but rather had a tendency to harden and degrade. While conversing with one of the prisoners, he found that he was anxious to live a better life—"to turn over a new leaf," to use his own words. This was an opportunity. He found half-a-dozen others who were anxious to start life over again, on an entirely different plan, and to this end he consulted the Warden of the prison, Dr. Gilmour, who gave his ready assent to these men being allowed to meet for prayers after work hours. It is now three and a-half years since the first prayer meeting was held, attended by

The "Seven Angels."

as they were called, in derision, by some of their fellow-prisoners. The meetings have been held regularly every Monday evening since, and, at the time of writing, with an attendance of over one hundred. Stories of men have been brought to the Saviour, and have gone out from the prison to carry with them to their homes the good news of salvation. As we go to press we record with pleasure that special evangelistic services have been conducted for three weeks, with the result that over thirty men have found the Saviour, and several are under deep conviction. While this work is carried on under the auspices of the Prisoners' Aid Association, it may be interesting to know that the workers are made up of representatives from the various churches and the Salvation Army.

During the winter months for the last two years, a series of lectures has been given on various subjects by some of our ablest speakers.

The Indian Famine Fund now amounts to \$41,068.



II—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WAR WITH PYRRHUS.

Sparta possessed a colony in Italy, the city of Tarentum, near the gulf of the same name. The inhabitants were as proud as their Spartan ancestors, but through idleness and luxury had become feeble and weak. The Tarentines maltreated some Roman ships within their harbor, and then insulted the ambassador who was sent to complain. When Rome sent an army to avenge the insult the Tarentines became frightened and sent to Pyrrhus, the King of Epirus, for help. The latter came readily enough with twenty-eight thousand men, and twenty elephants, hoping to conquer the whole country. The Romans marched against him, and a great battle was fought on the banks of the river Siris. Both sides fought well until the elephants charged, and put the Romans to flight; only nightfall saved them from being entirely destroyed. So great, however, was Pyrrhus' loss that he declared, "Such another victory and I shall have to return alone to Epirus." Finding the Tarentines unreliable, he resolved to treat with the Romans, and he sent his counselor, Kleonas, to offer peace, if Rome would promise safety to his Italian allies. Presents were sent to the senators and their wives. The Romans, however, would not accept such gifts, which they rightly considered as bribes, although they were inclined to make peace. Blind old Appian Claudius, however, opposed peace proposals.

Kleonas went back to Pyrrhus much impressed with the sterling characters of the Romans, and told his master so.

The Romans sent Fabricius to treat with the King of Epirus about the Romans taken prisoner. Fabricius was an honest but poor man. Pyrrhus tried to win him by magnificent presents, which were refused. Suddenly the tent-hangings fell down and disclosed a large elephant close behind Fabricius, waving his trunk and trumpeting frightfully. The Roman turned quickly and smilingly said, "Neither your gold nor your great boasts move me."

The Roman prisoners were released

on condition that they were to be returned if no peace was concluded after a certain time. This was faithfully done.

Fabricius was one of the consuls chosen the following year. A physician of the King wrote to him, offering to poison Pyrrhus for a reward. Fabricius and the other consul sent the letter to the King, saying: "You choose your friends and foes badly. This letter will show you that you make war with honest men and trust rogues."

The King put the physician to death, and released the Roman prisoners unconditionally. He made again peace proposals, but the Romans would not accept peace except on condition that Tarentum be delivered up and Pyrrhus returned to Epirus.

Hostilities continued and another battle was fought in which the elephants again depressed the Romans, but not until nightfall. Pyrrhus had been wounded and many Greeks killed.

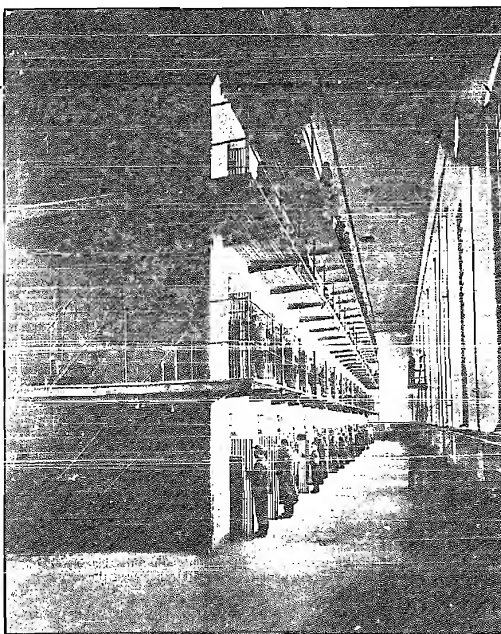
The King then sent to Sicily to aid the Greeks then settled there against the Carthaginians, but found them as unreliable as the Italian Greeks. He returned suddenly to Tarentum when Marcus Curius was one of the consuls. Marcus was a sterling, plain Roman. He conspired men for service against Pyrrhus, and these who refused to serve had their property seized and sold. Marcus marched against Pyrrhus and defeated him entirely, taking from him his elephants. The King returned to Epirus, and Rome had won after nine years of struggling.

Rome reduced the degenerate Greek settlements in the South of Italy, one after the other, taking their fleets and reducing their walls. They converted the cities by well-paved roads, which remain to this day, and by 220 B. C. possessed all the southern peninsula of Rome.

THE SALVATION ARMY AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

Soldiers and friends visiting Paris are informed that the Salvation Army has an office inside the Exhibition grounds, where information concerning the Salvation Army in all lands, as well as general information and advice, can be obtained. Salvation Army journals and other literature from all parts of the world, are on sale. All correspondence should be addressed:

Kiosque de l'Armée du Salut,
Vieux Poitou,
Esplanade des Invalides,
Paris.



A VIEW OF THE CELLS, CENTRAL PRISON, TORONTO.



SECRETARY GEO. W. EDGAR,
Central Prison, Toronto.

A Revival at the Central Prison.

For the past three weeks the Salvation Army and the Prisoners' Aid Association have carried on a remarkably successful revival at the Central Prison, during which time many prisoners have been brought to Christ, while many more have gone out from the prison with the intention of leading new lives. The most gratifying incident in connection with the meetings was the large number of hardened criminals who were brought to the penitent form, and this fact, taken as a whole, should prove that a greater or more important work for the glory of God and the benefit of mankind was never accomplished in the Central Prison. During the whole of the time the prisoners paid the strictest attention to the eloquent appeals of the Army and their assistants, and many were brought to tears by the earnest and pathetic pleadings which seemed to penetrate deeply into their hearts. The prisoners were invited to testify at the meetings and many availed themselves of the opportunity. Many earnest and remarkable testimonies fell from the lips of the boys who have decided for the future to walk in the path of righteousness and follow in the footsteps of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Another achievement in connection with the work is the remarkable change in the character of the prisoners, who now manifest the most cordial relationship towards each other, and who pay very little attention to belittling criticism. A pleasing incident occurred at the close of the meetings on Monday night, when one of the prisoners rose from his seat, and on behalf of his fellow-prisoners, thanked the Army and their assistants for the innumerable blessings which they had received, and expressed a wish that they would long be spared to work in their midst. Another prisoner, after expressing sympathy for Dr. Gilmour (the Warden) in his severe illness, apologized him for having opened the doors of the Prison, with the appreciation of the wholesome influence which the Army officers exercise upon the prisoners, and thus ended one of the most successful revivals that has been held within the prison walls. —Harry Burr.

A CORRECTION

In our write-up in last week's issue of a visit to the Central Prison, we find we have not done justice to the faithful efforts of the Prisoners' Aid Association. We understand it is the latter Association which conducts the meetings on Saturday and Monday evenings, while the Ministerial Association supplies the pulpit on Sunday afternoons, any expense incurred in connection with which being met by the Prisoners' Aid Association. This Association has been at work among the prisoners for twenty-five years, and those who are acquainted with its efforts have nothing but praise to bestow upon it. We gladly make the correction.

Oh, what a blessing to know that Jesus has a balm for every wound! He said sorrow that you and I might have joy. Have you ever thought of the sympathy that Jesus must have had for you, to leave all and come and die for you? Think!

y they both knelt behind the bars, the light is drawn from the heart and broken-hearted in prison. It is old story of drink, which brought it his degradation. To be brief, he was converted. I asked him if he could do anything for him. "See my wife, and try to reconcile my wife, I will forgive me, I shall be released." With the permission of the Warden, I interested myself in his case. I saw his brother, who had to give him a situation on his case, and also wrote to Ottawa to give his brother's pardon, and I have as he will be pardoned."

Died in Prison and Refused Burial.

What about the man who died in a few months ago?"

Oh, you refer to T. H. This is a very sad case. This man sent for me about six months ago, being under deep conviction. I dealt with him and he was immediately a clear case of conversion. After that he took ill and the doctor, in mercy of his life, I wired his wife—who came and visited him—was unable to stay. He begged me to send for her if he got worse. He died a little, but finally, on Sunday, he left a beautiful testimony and, as his wife had taken to her bed and could not come, the body, in her case, was shipped to T. H. and we to our officers there to look after Mrs. T. Here is the letter received back:

"When Mrs. T. heard of her husband's death, she went to her minister, begging him to bury the body, but he refused to do so. In her case she came to me, and I consented to it. In company with her two sons, the undertaker, and a few others, we went to the station to meet the corpse, and from there went right to the cemetery. Mrs. T. is ill in bed. I conducted a brief service at the grave. I began with—

"My Jesus, I love Thee,"

and read the portion of Scripture found in the Army's Funeral Service. A sister alone—

shall we meet beyond the river?"

which I spoke and read the letter of Staff-Capt. Archibald, in which he speaks of the deceased's conversion and not testimony."

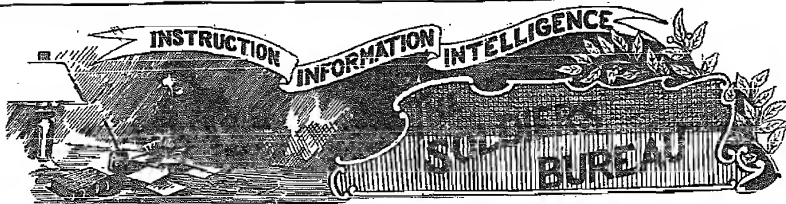
through earthly strife in heavenly glory," run through our mind at the conclusion of this story.

(To be continued.)

powerful thing it is to any man in continuous prosperity. A most lot is his. He does not know it, but he is little, and half blind, and by death. See a man who, for the century, has done nothing but sin. You do not see the most chained, only-reduced, sympathetic soul that he found.—From Joseph Parker's 'Lies in Texts.'



AL PRISON, TORONTO.



The Week's Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—LIGHT SHINES TO LIGHT.

"And he said: Men, brethren, and fathers, hearken: The God of Glory appeared unto our father Abraham."—Acts vii. 2.

Across the ages light shines to light. In the dark days of the Christian church, the men of faith were able to look upon still darker times, when there were yet fewer believers in the world. Men in those days there were whose faith never faltered in the hour of trial, and they, being dead, yet speak. Abraham longed to see the Gospel day; Stephen lived only on the threshold of its glory; but we stand in unclouded light. The men of faith—Abraham, Moses, Isaiah, and Stephen—caught up and flashed the signal from point to point, until the whole human race was encompassed by the promises of God.

MONDAY.—SORROW SENDS US TO THE SANCTUARY.

"And Hezekiah went up into the house of the Lord, and spread it before the Lord.—II. Kings xix. 14.

Trouble has often been more effectual than a church bell in bringing people to God's house. Callers at God's door are always welcome, let their errand be what it may. Whether we come with the cares of a kingdom, or the burden of a child's sorrow, we have equal right to cast it upon God. If Jesus had won a crown on earth, how could we dare to tell Him the trivial troubles which come to us in life? If He won no crown in Heaven, how could we expect Him to come to our relief?

TUESDAY.—THE WEAKNESS OF PERSECUTION.

"And the patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joseph into Egypt."—Acts vii. 9.

The patriarchs sold Joseph into Egypt, but no power could separate the lad from his God. And to me, while trusting in God and true to my conscience, there can come no real danger from without. The Evil One may strike his most stunning blows, but I shall not be moved. That which others mean for evil cannot really harm me, since "all things work together for good to them that love God." But it is some time before we like to step, see the reason for our suffering. He was one of those who bore pain for the profit of others. His years of hardship was to effect the safety of his family and the enlightenment of a nation.

WEDNESDAY.—IN SIGHT OF THE SKIES.

"Behold I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God."—Acts vii. 56.

When Jesus stood on the Mount of Transfiguration, He looked straight down into the grave. When Stephen stood on the edge of the grave, he looked straight up into heaven. The privilege of the second was purchased by the first. Insults are not so hard to bear when a man's eyes are fixed on heaven. When our eyes are fixed upon the reward, we shall make light of the trial. When we see our inheritance, we shall readily forgive the enemies who, unknown to themselves, put us in early possession of it.

THURSDAY.—CLEAN HANDS FOR GOD'S SERVICE.

"Sanctify the house of the Lord God of your fathers, and carry forth the filthiness out of the holy place."—II. Chron. xxix. 5.

It is the pity of human nature that each generation seems to be occupied in

undoing the evils of a former. Thus Hezekiah had to pull down the altars of his predecessor, and spend his best years in a weary conflict with the evil his father had created. Purity must precede service. God cannot be honored by a polluted altar, nor worshipped in a shrine of idols. "Create in me a clean heart,"—they will I teach transgressors Thy ways."

FRIDAY.—ORDERED STEPS.

"And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying: Arise, and go."—Acts viii. 26.

To Philip it must have seemed a purposeless journey. Suddenly, and without an apparent reason, the preacher of a great revival was wrenched away, despatched into the wilderness, and the fruits of his successful labors reaped by others. But although Philip

What a Soldier Should Know

Debt a Great Evil.

Debt is a great evil. It destroys a man's peace, makes him feel like a slave, has a bad effect upon his example, and an unfavorable influence upon those who are without. When a Salvation soldier, who is seriously in debt, walks about in uniform and does anything for the salvation of souls, he feels that his creditors may be saying, "If he would pay me what he owes me, then I would have some respect for his religion."

When It Approaches Theft.

If debt is such an evil, then it must be a Salvation Soldier's duty to keep free from it. On no account should he contract debt except he can see in the

AN URGENT CALL ON OUR PULSE.



Some of India's Famishing Millions.

found but a solitary hearer in that brief hour, he sent an arrow, tipped with holy fire, into the heart of Africa, and linked himself on to that immortal line of missionary heroes who should spread the Gospel among the heathen.

SATURDAY.—GOD'S PATIENCE.

"The counsel of the Lord standeth for ever, the thoughts of His heart to all generations."—Ps. xxxiii. 11.

We must learn to possess our souls in peace. Impatience is often the expression of impotency; it is the sign of conscious incapacity. The last thing we learn in the perfect life is the gracious art of waiting. God can wait; no man may outrun His patience since none can outwit His power. Have I wished, like John and James, that I had power to compel the lightning to strike the enemies of truth, when, if I had the patient love of Jesus, I might have brought them willing captives to His feet? Eternal patience waits for men that it may win them to Omnipotent love.

Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," says, "In every college there ought to be a chair of humanity, and the best man that could be found ought to fill it, and into the classroom where such a man sat the students would go as into no other room. And out of it they would come, their eyes wet, and their hearts on fire to do and be as men and women in God's great world."

most confident manner his ability to meet it when the claim falls due. To do otherwise with a man's goods is almost as bad as stealing them. To steal them is to fetch them away with the full intention of not paying for them, while getting them on credit, when he knows he won't be able to pay for them, amounts to very much the same thing.

Get Clear of It.

Those soldiers who are involved in debt when converted must make up their minds to pay up at the earliest opportunity. They should tell their creditors so, and whether these debts were incurred for drink or anything else, they should live in an economical manner in order to save money to pay them off.

Quarrels.

When quarrels and misunderstandings occur between Salvation Soldiers they always prove injurious to the interests of the corps and destructive to the peace of mind of the soldiers themselves. Every effort should be made by the parties themselves to meet the difference. To this end let them meet together, and after prayer, talk the matter over, each being willing to concede something to the other party in the interests of peace. If this plan should fail, then the matter should be referred to the Captain, or some other officer or comrade, in whom the contending parties have confidence, to mediate between them.

A Way Out.

If these plans alike fail, then the matter should be referred by agreement to such officers or soldiers of the Army

as command the confidence of the different parties, and be left to their arbitration. In such a case the plan is for each party to choose one officer or soldier as a representative, and then for these two to choose another comrade, who shall act as an umpire and who shall settle such matters as they cannot agree upon, all parties promising to accept the decision as an end of the dispute. In no case should Salvation Soldiers go to law in the ordinary way with respect to any differences which may exist between them. This is positively prohibited by the Holy Book, and must never be practiced. (I. Cor. vi. 1.)

Quakerisms.

If thou wouldst have Him move thee, be still.

If thou wouldst hear Him speak, be silent.

If thou wouldst have Him control thee, be slow to speak.

If thou wouldst have Him mend thee, accept His discipline.

If thou wouldst have Him bless thee, see Him in all things.

If thou wouldst have Him dwell with thee, be poor in spirit.

If thou wouldst have His strength exerted for thee, be weak.

If thou wouldst catch His whisper, shut thine ears to other sounds.

If thou wouldst have Him impress thee, forsake thine own thoughts.

If thou wouldst have Him lead thee, forsake thine own desires.

If thou wouldst have Him all to thee, sink into nothingness before Him.

If thou wouldst have Him work mightily within thee, cease from thine own doings.

If thou wouldst have an unction from the Holy One, sink to the level of the lowly in wisdom.

If thou wouldst have Him change thee into His likeness, hold thyself at all times peacefully in His presence.

In short, if thou wouldst have the inner temple of thy being filled with God, go out of it thyself and abandon it to Him.

Be Patient.

O heart of mine! be patient;

Some glad day,

With all its puzzling problems

Solved for aye,

With all its storms and doubtings

Cleared away,

With all its little disappointments past,

It shall be thine to understand at last.

Unwary,

Be patient! Some sweet day

The anxious care,

The fears and trills, and the

Hidden snare,

The grief that comes upon thee

Shall with the fleeting years be laid

aside

And thou shalt then be fully satisfied.

Be patient! Keep thy life-work

Yell in hand;

Be trueful where thou canst not

Understand;

Thy lot, where'er it be, is

Widely planned;

Whatever its mysteries, God holds the

key;

Thou wilt canst trust Him, and bide

patiently.

Give Medicine to Children.

Hospital nurses will tell you that a

large amount of fact is required to get

some patients to take medicine. This

especially applies to children, who lack

the reasoning powers of their elders.

Care should be taken that no oily medi-

cine touches the lips, and it is a good

plan when such medicine has to be

taken, to moisten the mouth—not the

lips—with water previously. After tak-

ing bitter drugs—such as quassin, quini-

ne, strychnine, etc.—the persistent taste

is best removed by masticating and

swallowing small pieces of dry bread.

This wipes and cleanses the back of

the tongue, and cleans away the nau-

sous taste.

Many medicines offend more by their

smell than by their taste. Where such

is the case, the nostrils should be closed

with the fingers before the medicine

comes within range of the olfactory

sense, but kept closed until the draught

or powder is swallowed.

The

"Lo, I am
"O Lord Deliver
Our sharpen
On These can
We smile at

Dear suffering
with you, my
sympathy for y
by your side an
est prayer to
your behalf.
then, carefully,
comfort. I de
through the m
What can I
of God that c
ing power for
at the head of
with you alwa
last, therefore,
promise of a
What comfort
seasons of joy,
from the cup
hours of sorro
shadow things
across the sky
shines through
ness; in days
when all aven
be closed; in
ment, when h
misunderstand
temptations co

"Always wit
To best comp
this promise, it
ment, we cou
of Jesus mean
the days of H
first glimpses
Him in a sec
sanctioning th
estate of mar
with the multi
in the wilder
interest in the
satisfying the
of the sweetes
is that which
by the little
upon their
blessing their
little girl has
said, "If I h
have blessed
mamma?" (C
application),
association, ve
by the sea s
was just born
and the radi
dancing upon
tiny lake of
were securely
to the shore,
and caught
"Cast the ne
mands the
No other voi
by these ex
knew their l
voice inspire
obedience an
mand, and
that act wit
set the seal
and profess
steps and s
which the
spoken the
reviving H
gave back
sorrowing p
city pates a
a procession o
sine to the t
while Chris
restoration
open tomb c
ed with th
as He wro
and His mo
the tomb th

"At even,
The sick,
Oh, in wh
Oh, in wh

But when
most frequ
sick and s
that He i
nism from
ing His h

The Most Precious of All.

(Written Especially for Those who Suffer in Hospital Wards.)

By LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.

"Lo, I am with you always."

"O Love Divine Who stopped to share
Out sharpest pain, our bitterest tears,
O, Thou who cast our earthly care,
We smile at pain when Thou art near."
—Oscar W. Holmes.

Dear suffering one, my thoughts are with you, my heart beats in tenderest sympathy for you. I would like to kneel by your side and lift my voice in earnest prayer to our Heavenly Father on your behalf. This cannot be. Read, then, carefully, the little message of comfort I desire to convey to you through the medium of the War Cry. What can I find in the blessed word of God that contains more strengthening power for you than the assurance at the head of this article, "Lo, I am with you always"? This is one of the last, therefore, one of the most sacred promises of our Lord Jesus Christ. What comfort it contains! "Always"—in seasons of joy, when the lips drink deep from the cup of human delights; in hours of sorrow, when heretofore's shadowy things a cloud of heavy blackness across the sky, and up gleams of solace shines through its impenetrable darkness; in days of difficulties and losses, when all avenues of prosperity seem to be closed; in moments of disappointment, when loved ones are untrue and misunderstandings arise; and when temptations come in like a flood.

WHAT IT MEANS.

"Always with you, even unto the end." To best comprehend the full wealth of this promise, it will help us if, for a moment, we consider what the presence of Jesus meant to those about Him in the days of His humanity. One of the first glimpses into His ministry shows Him in a scene of woe and festivity, sanctioning by His miracle the holy estate of marriage. Then we see Him with the multitudes gathered about Him in the wilderness, manifesting His interest in their temporal welfare by satisfying their physical hunger. One of the sweetest pictures we have of Him is that which portrays Him surrounded by the little ones, placing His hands upon their restless, curly heads and blessing them. As I talked with my little girl last evening about this, she said, "If I had been there He would have blessed me, too, wouldn't He, mamma?" (May we all make personal application.) Just before His glorious ascension, we see Him one day down by the sea shore. The morning light was just breaking over the distant hills, and the radiance of a new day was dancing upon the rippling waves of the tiny lake of Galilee. "Fired fishermen were wearily dragging their empty nets to the shore. 'We have toiled all night and caught nothing,' they complain. 'Cast the net on the other side,' commands the voice of the risen Christ. No other voice would have been obeyed by these experts of the deep; they knew their business too well. But His voice inspired confidence, and implicit obedience and success followed the command, and Jesus identified Himself in that act with the activities of life and set the seal of honor upon every craft and profession. Follow His weary footsteps and see Him in the home into which the death-angel has crept and stolen the home's dearest idol; exorcising His diabolic prerogative. He gave back the little daughter to her sorrowing parents. Again, outside the city gates a procession of death met a procession of life, and the widow, hearing to the tomb her lost treasure, named while Christ wiped her tears in the restoration of her only son. At the open tomb of Lazarus, His tears mingled with those of the weeping sisters as He witnessed their breaking hearts, and His miracle voice brought forth from the tomb the loved brother and friend.

"At even, when the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, in what joy they went away!"

WHAT IT DOES.

But where was our Saviour seen the most frequently? In the midst of the sick and suffering. From the moment that He bade Peter's wife's mother arise from her couch, we find Him laying His hand of healing upon all the

suffering ones who came to Him. Under its soothing touch the pained limbs received strength, the flushed, fevered cheeks became calm, the deaf ears were unstopped, the blind eyes received sight, and the frenzy of the demonic mind was dispelled. There is evidence that our Lord takes an interest in all the affairs, businesses, sorrows, and joys of human life, and that for all suffering humanity there is a healing, and for all sin there is a panacea. What wonderful love this is! Love unaffected by mankind's sin and rebellion. Love sympathetic with the weaknesses of human existence. Love expressed in every form possible. His touch was healing, the hem of His garment had restoring virtue. One writer gives us this beautiful thought, "He lived and loved as we live and love, only on a higher ideal. He gave to every human affection a more complete interpretation, a more perfect fineness, and, finally, as the highest revelation of love. He died for us, and in anguish, and blood, and dying pain, still loved, still prayed for us, the migratory race of man."

He passed through the night of death that we might learn not to fear it, and came forth radiant and immortal to tell us that we shall never die. This is the One, then, Who has promised, "I am with you always," as an inseparable soul friend, a Counsellor, a Father in a higher sense than when He walked the lanes and hills of Palestine.

Therefore, dear suffering isolated one, be strong. He will be your Companion in the silent watches of the long nights of agony, in the slowly-passing days of anguish and weariness. Perhaps you will say, "Why does He not answer my prayer and remove the pain?" He may be mending you in the same furnace as He passed through—for "He learned obedience by the things which He suffered." He will answer your prayer as the mother answers the pleadings of her little child, not always granting what is asked, but always giving what the mother heart sees is best for its future good.

WHY IT IS.

God is fitting you for a place in His Eternal Kingdom. "If God loved you, He would not permit you to suffer," some tantalizing tempter may say to you. God has a plan for every life, and it may be that in affliction's school, under the tuition of pain, you may be the more readily fitted for your place. How strong we feel when we are conscious that the great Master hand is upon the springs of our life!

"Almost imperceptible creatures in the sea build, in the Indian Ocean, a goblet. It is called Neptune's Cup. Sometimes it has a height of six feet and a breadth of three. It is erected solely by myriads of polyp—fragile animals shrunk within their holes and only half issuing, in order to plunge their microscopic arms into the waves. One of these creatures, struggling to keep its position on some reef, made, perhaps, by the graves of its predecessors, begins to build without any consultation with its swarming mates. They all build and they fashion, little by little, the base of the goblet. They then carry up the long slender stem. They have no consultation with each other in their labor there under the sea. Each works in a separate cell, each is as much cut off from communication with each other as an inmate of a cell in the wards of a prison is from his associates. They build the stem to the proper height, and then they begin to widen it. They enlarge it, and commence the construction of the cup. They have no communication with each other. They build up the sides leaving a hollow within. Everything proceeds according to a plan. You have first the pedestal, then the stem, then the widened flange of the goblet, then the hollow within looking up to heaven. The savage passes and gazes on Neptune's Cup in the Indian Ocean, and is struck with reverence. He says in his secret thought: 'These creatures cannot speak with each other; but they act on a plan as if they were all in a conspiracy to produce just this Neptune's Cup. In the plan theirs or does it belong to a power above them? The

poor savage there on the foaming coast of the tropics, looks up into the same sky into which the cup gazes, and finds the Author of Neptune's goblet in a power not of, but in, the creatures which build it. It is in them, not of them, for they have no intellect which can conceive what the goblet is; but in isolation of each other they so build their cells that they produce at last a structure, having a plan in view, not only apparently, but in fact, from the very first. Even foremost French materialists find themselves dazed when they stand before the savage does."

This is a scientific illustration, given by Dr. Cook, of the Omnipresence of the Creator. What a lesson for every Christian! If we are in God's will we shall have our corner in the finished structure "whose Builder and Maker is God."

Christ's own cross is to us a pledge that the greatest suffering is not a token of God's displeasure, but may be an evidence of His wildest and deepest love. Then—

"Let nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful;
Be still.
What God hath ordered must be right,
Then find in it thine own delight,
My will."

You are weary, perhaps, dear sufferer; you long for rest, eternal rest. This is your rest, the consciousness that He is with you when no human friend is near; when the hospital ward is weary to you, and you faint "for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still." "I will give you rest," He says. And when earth's last night has passed, as it will pass for us all, and your eyes dim with the mist of death, and your mind wanders as it loses its grasp of the threads of time, and the shadows of the valley fall upon you, and the loved one's hand is so weak to hold you back, and the great eternity opens before you, you will have the Psalmist's faith—"I will fear no evil." Why? "Thou art with me."

We can follow no further, but through the open windows of the city we catch a glimpse and we see that "there shall be no night there. God Himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

Then may we ever be—

"Content to suffer, while we know
Living or dying, He is near."



Capt. Randall, Arrington, Ont.

SIMCOE DISTRICT NOTES.

Our Self-Denial effort, which we have just finished, has been a magnificent success right throughout the District. Each corps not only hit the target, but completely smashed it.

—◆—
SIMCOE did nearly eighteen dollars over the target. TILSONBURG fifteen. WOODSTOCK about three, and NORWICH had a couple of dollars ahead.

—◆—
The effort was entered into with a beautiful spirit by both officers and soldiers alike, and the outcome was a great victory, for which we praise God.

—◆—
I have just finished a successful trip through the District. We have had souls saved and recruits enrolled; also gained a good time all round.—James McFarlane, D. O.

THE DRINK DEVIL.

The Following Address was Read by Dr. Jenner, Essex, Ont., at an Army Temperance Meeting.

(Continued.)

Life Insurance Companies steer clear of men addicted to drink, knowing how easily they succumb to disease. I state it upon the best authority that there is no place on the earth, and no condition in life, in which a man in good health is benefited by even the most moderate indulgence in alcoholic drinks; but, on the contrary, is rendered less able to resist all the adverse influences of climate and circumstances which combine to impair his health. Physiology and experience teach us that alcoholic stimulants are not essential or necessary for man's welfare under circumstances of exposure to severe bodily or mental strain, or to extremes of heat or cold. Just a few testimonies of practical men on this line.

Dr. Carpenter, the greatest authority of the age, was essentially a water drinker, only occasionally taking a glass of wine or half a glass of ale when feeling depressed. For two years he abstained totally, during which time he accomplished more mental work, and did it easier, and suffered less from fits of depression, than when taking an occasional glass.

Locke, a very feeble man in body, attributed his long life of hard mental toil, to his habit of total abstinence.

Dr. Hooker, Sir Jas. Ross, and other Arctic explorers, all affirm that alcohol gives only a temporary warmth, which soon leaves the body colder and more fatigued than it would have been without it, whereas coffee or tea, with a bit of food, gives permanent strength and comfort.

In 1619, the crew of a Danish ship, or 30 men, well supplied with provisions and ardent spirits, attempted to pass the winter in Hudson's Bay. 53 of them died before spring; while in the case of an English crew of 22 men, in the same circumstances, but without the distilled spirits, only two died; and so I could multiply instances.

Dr. Mosely, in his work on tropical diseases, states that water-drinkers perform their work without fatigue or inconvenience, whereas spirit-drinkers succumb to the intense heat, and more readily take the diseases peculiar to the hot countries.

Sir Charles Napier, who, for a long time, commanded the British forces in India, said to his young men: "Let me give you a bit of advice—Don't drink. You are come to a country where, if you drink, you are dead men. If you keep sober you will get on and do well, but if you drink you are done for, you are dead men. I know two regiments in this country, the one drank, the other didn't. The one that didn't drink is the finest regiment in existence, and has done well. The one that did drink has been all but destroyed. I know some men will drink in spite of the devil and their officers, but such men soon find their way to the hospital, and very few that go in this country ever come out alive."

I read recently a somewhat facetious remark about an English cab driver, that if he could have his three greatest desires gratified he would wish—

1st. For all the aces in the world.

2nd. For all the "baacee" in the world, and

3rd. For a little more "baacee" (to have).

I would like all temperance people to have more consideration for the natural affections of two so kindred spirits as alcohol and tobacco, and not so ruthlessly separate them, but bind them together in one common bundle to burn them. When local preachers and official members and class-leaders of the Methodist Church go into the business of growing this abominable weed, to be used for the market, as they are doing in this county, supplying the youth of the fair land with that which brings nothing to them but degradation, disease, and premature decay, their avowed object being money, I say it's time to feel serious and declare a crusade against such ungodly and un-Christian practices. I am glad to know that the Salvation Army speaks with no uncertain sound on this subject, and I believe God will greatly prosper and utilize its officers and soldiers so long as you teach and live the doctrines enunciated in His Holy Book.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTED TO GLORY—

Lieut. Fred. Bland, who came out of Rat Portage, in August, 1888, and last stationed at Provincial Headquarters, Winnipeg, promoted to glory from Winnipeg, on Sunday, 17th June, 1900.

PROMOTIONS—

Lieut. Ringler, Simcoe, to be Captain.
Lieut. Beach, Forest, to be Captain.
Lieut. Thompson, Bothwell, to be Captain.
Lieut. Trickey, Riverside, to be Captain.
Lieut. Haywood, Sydney Mines, to be Captain.
Lieut. Flood, Ottawa Rescue Home, to be Captain.
Cadet Earl, Montreal Rescue Home, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENTS—

MRS. MAJOR COOPER, Goderich, to Hespeler.
STAFF-CAPT. GALT, Victoria, to Spokane Corps and Training Garrison.
ADJUT. MCGILLIVRAY, Fredericton, to Brantford Corps and District.
ADJUT. WIGGINS, Barrie, to Fredericton Corps and District.
ADJUT. AYRE, New Westminster, to Billings Corps and East Montana District.
ADJUT. HAY, Billings, to New Westminster Corps and New Whatcom District.
ADJUT. ORCHARD, Stratford, to Clinton Corps and District.
ADJUT. STEVENS, Helena, to Rossland.
ENSIGN COLLIER, resting, to Halifax Men's Social.
ENSIGN SLOTE, Leamington, to St. Thomas.
ENSIGN SCOTT, St. Thomas, to Stratford.
ENSIGN PARSONS, Dartmouth, to Glace Bay.
ENSIGN COLLETT, furlough, to Special Work (Industrial Colony).
EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.



PRINTED FOR Evangeline Booth, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, North Western States of America, and Alaska, by John M. C. Hume, at the Salvation Army Printing House, 15 Allen Street, Toronto.

All communications referring to the contents of the War Cry, contributions for publication, or in return, or queries about it, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.
All communications on matters referring to subscriptions, donations, and change of address, should be addressed to THE FIELD SECRETARY, S. A. Temple, Toronto.
All Cheques, P. O. and Express Orders should be made payable to EVANGELINE BOOTH.
All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.
All manuscripts, unless otherwise intended for publication, will be sent at the rate of one cent postage per two ounces, if enclosed in unsolicited envelope or open wrapper and marked "Printer's Copy."

The Red Crusaders.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," is an aphorism to which all right-thinking people will readily subscribe. In these days of war and bloodshed we must not forget that, as followers of the lowly Nazarene, we should be more concerned about the triumphs of the Gospel than those of brute force. Our work, as Salvationists, is the making of peace between man and God. That they are substantial victories in connection with this work will be fully borne out by a careful perusal of the report appearing in these pages of our special summer salvation effort, known as the Red Crusaders' Campaign. Our untiring Commissioner, Miss Booth, continues to speak as the mouthpiece of

Miss Booth at Kingston.

(SPECIAL)

Miss Booth and Red Crusaders arrived Kingston Saturday noon. Erected tent on Cricket Field, in Park, by kind permission of City Council. Crowds Saturday evening and all day Sunday very large. Commissioner in splendid trim. Her addresses excellent. Force, fire, faith and persuasion marked her words and conquered hearts in rebellion against God. Thirty-two souls found pardon and purity. Many military boys came to Christ. People are delighted with the visit of Miss Booth. Willie and Pearl's songs charmed everyone. To God be all the glory.

BRIGADIER FRIEDRICH.

her Master. The results of her meetings in Cobourg, Deseronto, and Kingston fully justify us in stating that they are triumphs of salvation effort. It is no small task to face audiences of a thousand and over, and force spiritual matters so close home upon the hearts of those present as to bring about the immediate surrender of many to the claims of God. Such is the character of our leader's campaign through East Ontario, and we earnestly pray that more "renowned victories" may be gained ere it closes.

Editorial Notes.

Lieut.-Colonel Margott, assisted by many Headquarters Officers, conducts the Memorial Service of the late Professor Wiggins, at Lippincott St.

Major Southall passed through Toronto a few days ago, en route to the Old Country for a couple of months' furlough.

Those requiring a quiet rest after a hard spell of work at the front should call at Headquarters! With our beloved Commissioner, Chief Secretary, Editor, and a host of lesser lights away on the Red Crusade, the building is void in its bosomness. Those left behind are, of course, working away steadily, but the hum of many voices is absent. Will our comrades please hurry back?

Toronto Corps-Cadets are doing exceptionally hard work, and successful work, too, at present. They went down to Oshawa for a week-end and came back delighted. The Oshawa folks were delighted, too.

Capt. Freeman, late of West Ontario, is busy making extensive alterations in the Lippincott Training Garrison, preparatory to the opening of the Session. Riverside's new barracks is coming a long way.

The Comptrollers in the Riverside Tent.

Major and Mrs. Smeeton, Comptrollers of Finance, came over the Don and did morning in the S. A. tent. In the morning the Major gave an interesting talk in the holiness meeting on "Little foxes." Mrs. Smeeton sang a solo. In the afternoon a good crowd gathered: Mrs. Smeeton read, and one soul came out. In the children's meeting nearly a hundred listened to a talk from the Major and his wife. At night the Major dealt with the people about the "Ten virgins." The appeal was particularly to backsliders. There were many who ought to have come to the Cross. We believe that the bread cast on the waters shall be seen after many days.—N. R. T.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin at Dovercourt.

Good times in Dufferin Grove. Comrades sang and spoke with power. The Brigadier gave a forcible address.

In spite of intense heat, a nice audience gathered in the barracks at night. Excellent meeting. One soul at the Mercy Seat.

Monday night, splendid time. Big crowd, grand meeting. The ice cream social was much enjoyed.

The Life-Boat Crew at Oshawa.

Staff-Capt. Stanyon and Creighton, Adj. Atwell and Capt. Morris, with the Life Boat Crew, visited Oshawa last Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.

Singing crowds at the open-air. Real, practical interest. Over \$10 collection to the operators.

Barracks full Saturday night, Sunday afternoon and night. Town stirred. The interest of the people most marked. Over \$25 for the week-end.

The singing of the Crew and the testimonies of the officers were made a means of great blessing to the people.

Finished up on Sunday night at 10 o'clock with a hallelujah war dance.



June 24th, 1900.

THE CHINESE CRISIS.

Matters have gone from bad to worse during the last week. Admiral Seymour's force of 2,300 men, made up of marines of several of the Powers, has not yet been heard of. For fourteen days no news has come through from Peking, though one rumor states that the Relief Force reached the city safely, and is guarding the Legation, while another it to the effect that it was surrounded by an immense force of Chinese troops and cut to pieces.—A relief force that was sent after them, and tried to enter Tien Tsin, has been repulsed and suffered some loss.—Rear-Admiral Bruce wires the Admiralty office that only one rumor has come through from Tien Tsin for five days, and that the Foreign Settlements there are almost entirely destroyed.—The Russian Vice-Admiral is the senior officer of the operation.—The Chinese have been shelling the Foreign Settlement at Tien Tsin for several days, and it is, therefore, possible that a great number of Europeans and Americans have perished.—Admiral Kempf wires Washington that in an ambush near Tien Tsin, four Americans were killed and seven wounded.—It is stated that another Relief Force of 2,000 men is being despatched from Tientsin.—It is feared that Admiral Seymour's force has met with a severe check.—The gravity of the situation may be estimated from the following telegram sent to the London Daily Mail from Che Fu, which, however, may not be exactly true:—

"The attack on the Tien Tsin relief force was made by 20,000 Chinese, using machine guns and modern field pieces. The allies were wise in retreating. Forwarding detachments in this manner is suicidal, and the deaths of the foreigners, even though in small force, greatly aid the movement of the Boxers, which is gaining enormously through the inability of the foreigners to make headway against it. Practically the whole of northern China is abuzz. Hostilities are now conducted on an extended scale, due to direct orders from Peking. General Yuen Shi Kai, Governor of Shan Tung, commands 11,000 foreign drilled troops, organized to a high pitch of excellence, and equipped with Mausers. It was in the plan that these troops should go to Tientsin at the seizure of the forts was effected before they could get there."

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

There has been no important engagement for some time.—The different columns are advancing, and since last week have occupied Heidelberg, Standerton, Krugersdorp, etc.—The Boers left in the Orange River Colony are now cut off entirely from the Transvaal, and Lord Roberts hopes to capture them shortly.—The British prisoners, captured since the occupation of Pretoria have been removed to Middelburg, where President Kruger is reported to be at present.—General Hutton and his mounted infantry, some of whom are Canadians, captured two Boer guns near Rustenburg.—General Buller's report states that the country west of Pretoria is settling down. He found the leading Boers quite cordial in their greeting.—Lord Edward Cecil, the son of Prime Minister Lord Salisbury, and the Administrator of the Rustenburg District, reports the collection of 3,000 rifles to date, from Boers who have returned to their farms.

It is reported that General Buller was nearly captured by the Boers at Leeuw Spruit, on June 14.—General Buller is reported to be doing very well, while Oom Paul Kruger remains obstinate.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

Lieut.-Colonel Tyrwhitt, M.P., died in Bradford on June 22.—The price of coal is to be advanced 25 cents per ton.—Hon. A. G. Blair will announce that for the first time in its history the Intercolonial Railway will have a surplus. It will amount to \$100,000.—Canada has received first prize for time taken at the Paris Exhibition.—"Jack" Beach, a notorious criminal, has been sent down for twenty years.



Winter or summer, none of these stone blinders now stop the Pictorial Commission forth her persistence of souls. A fore, to the great Miss Booth has placed on a bicycle bright places, thus reducing it was, however, in a place to make the best use of the difficulty of making the people badly-ventilated and induced the Commission to adopt a new plan: a cycling party, accompanied by a band of three days each place to be upon.

So the machine letters were exchanged P. O. tents, seats, boards, grooved, rented, been in short time the organized.

The Commission the Red Crusaders chosen title of the ed a meeting at night. The space crowded out came force gave the order Eugene n supported the Com of enthusiasm my hour meeting.

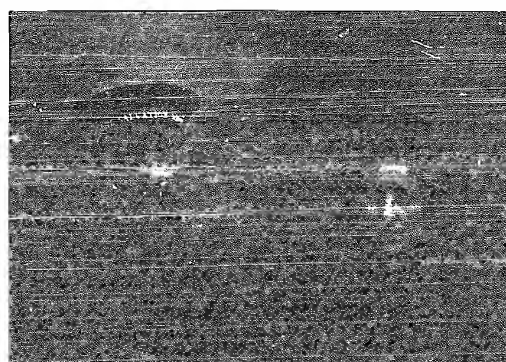
How The Red Crusade Commissioner, are divided into Section I, is composed of our Chief S. A. and Brigadier P. They also form Section I. Section II, composed of Brigadier Friedrich and Staff-Capt. Morris.

The War Af.

A New Soldiers'

As we write of fighting with his cry in and are native troops imitated and encouraged both where he has been. The white soldiers have also been visit from Cumu (the last few weeks honored his labor.

Leads is fast increasing authority of Brig now is taking a Tommy Atkins, the Army has average, one of good news infused



ADJUTANT AND MRS. BARR, Recently Appointed to Take Charge of Our Klondike Operations.

The Commissioner's Red Crusade.

Miss Booth, on Horseback, Starts Ahead of the Khaki Contingent and Conducts a Crowded Meeting at Cobourg—The Red Crusaders Sail for the Battlefield—After that their Locomotion will be by Bicycles—Deseronto Invaded—An Encouraging Series of Meetings, with Seventeen Souls in the Fountain.



MISS EVA BOOTH.

Winter or summer, rain or shine, blinding snow-storm or tropical heat—none of these contingencies can hinder the Field Commissioner from putting forth her persistent efforts for the salvation of souls. Adapting herself, therefore, to the great changes of seasons, Miss Booth has for three summers led on a bicycle brigade to reach the smaller places, thus reducing expenses.

It was, however, found that one meeting in a place is often insufficient to make the best use of the opportunities. The difficulty of securing bulls, and making the people comfortable in those indy-ventilated during the hot weather, induced the Commissioner this summer to adopt a new plan. A fine, large tent, 50 feet by 100 feet, was rented for a period; a cycling brigade formed to accompany the Commissioner, and a stay of three days, on the average, for each place to be visited, was decided upon.

So the machinery was set in motion. Letters were exchanged with the P. O. and P. O. tents, lamps, ropes, wagons, seats, hoards, grounds, etc., were borrowed, rented, begged, or bought, and in short time the entire campaign was organized. The Commissioner went in advance of the Red Crusaders—for such is the well-chosen title of the brigade—and conducted a meeting at Cobourg on Sunday night. The spacious Town Hall was crowded out completely, and the audience gave the utmost attention. Brigadier Pugmire and Capt. Arnold joined us on the spot, and at 9 o'clock we all lunched at Deseronto wharf. A nice dinner was prepared at the barracks.

How We Travel.

The Red Crusaders, not counting the Commissioner, number fifteen. They are divided into four sections. Section I is composed of Colonel Jacobs, our Chief Secretary, as Captain, and Brigadier Pugmire, as Lieutenant. They also form the rank and file of Section I.

Section II comprises the cyclists, with Brigadier Pugmire as Captain, and Staff-Capt. Morris as Lieutenant. Other

officers of the section are Adj. F. Morris, Adj. Page, Adj. Welch, Capt. Easton and French.

Section III, forms the transport. It is in charge of Ensign Hyde and Capt. Edwards, and travels with a team of horses, conveying in a wagon the large tent and the baggage of the Crusaders.

Section IV, in charge of Brother Walter Peacock, with Willie and Pearl, and Miss Booth's help, travels by rail. So the locomotion of the brigade is a complex, but exceedingly practical, arrangement.

The Crusaders Set Sail for the East.

Like our unsmiling old, the first portion of our journey was in the East by boat. On Monday evening the people of Yonge Street noticed little trumps of khaki-uniformed Salvationists wheeling towards the wharf. The special uniforms, by the way, is neat and serviceable. Khaki is a Persian word signifying the color of the earth) does not show the dust, and the material is such as will stand the rough usage to which a tenting party will naturally put it. The trimmings are in red, black, and the black stockings and grey Khaki hats make up a neat and novel uniform.

At Cobourg—2 o'clock in the morning—Brigadier Pugmire and Capt. Arnold joined us on the boat, and at 9 o'clock we all lunched at Deseronto wharf. A nice dinner was prepared at the barracks.

Deseronto, the Town.

Deseronto is a busy town. Lumber mills, charcoal kilns, chemical works, car shops, smelting works, are situated here. The well-known Bathurst firm has its large mills and factories here. The population of the town is about 3,500, but there are scarcely sufficient houses for it. Rents and provisions are rather high, while the wages are not in proportion, which makes living in Deseronto scarcely as enjoyable as in many larger cities of the Dominion.

The erection of the large tent is excellent physical exercise, not to use the harsh word which I heard somebody whisper, "hard work." There are scores and scores of stakes to be driven with a sledge hammer, and the erection of

three masts, and the pulling up of 1,200 lbs. of canvas, gives ample opportunity for the full use of muscular Christianity.

Immortal Influence.

It is the general opinion of the Deseronto people that the influence of Miss Booth's meeting was incalculable. Her addresses were powerful, free, flowing, and full of point and conviction. Colonel Jacobs also led two very blessed gatherings. Possibly it will prove interesting to give here the report of a local citizen, who is not a Salvationist.

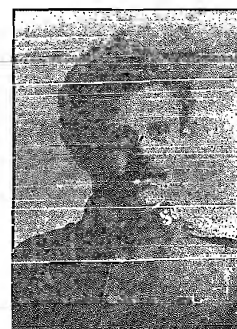
What a Citizen Says.

"The new tent, erected here for the first time outside of Toronto, was comfortably filled at all the meetings. This tent is capable of holding over a thousand people, and as the town has a population of about 3,500, it is gratifying to know there were so few empty seats. "Each evening the Red Crusade, with their band, paraded the principal streets of the town. The turn-out was much admired by all. As the field batteries are equipped just west of the town, the populace has feasted its eyes on uniforms in plenty, but a real preference was evinced for the khaki "corky," one small boy had it suits worn by the Crusaders.

"The S. A. barracks is located near the centre of the town, and as there is a vacant lot adjoining on the south, a more convenient spot for the tent could hardly be imagined.

"Owing to the Commissioner being much fatigued on Wednesday, it was deemed advisable to have Colonel Jacobs conduct the first meetings. The services on Wednesday evening and Thursday afternoon were led by the Colonel.

"On Thursday evening the Commissioner took the platform. Her earnest and impressive words carried conviction to many present, and were received with thanksgiving by those who were brought to see the error of continuing on the broad path that leadeth to darkness and destruction. Her address on Friday evening was a thrilling and convincing one. She took the words of Isaiah, and from them built up, step by step, the way that leadeth to brightness of life



COLONEL JACOBS.

everlasting, comparing the fortitude and bravery of those who were on the right road, with the hopelessness and misery experienced by many whose selfish desires and sinful natures led them onto the broad road that leadeth down to black degradation and death.

"During the time Miss Booth was speaking the audience listened with

Evident Appreciation of the Golden Truths

she laid before them. At the close five went forward to the Mercy Seat and professed conversion. It is hoped that much good will result from this summer's tour of the Red Crusaders.

"The band and flag drills of Miss Booth's two little aplains were much admired, and the applause bestowed on them was liberal.

"After the audience filed out on Friday evening, the big tent was taken down and started on the road to Kingston, where the Red Crusaders are to hold a four-day campaign under canvas.

"The outing on bikes seems to have a good effect on all. Beyond a layer or two of extra bronse on the cheeks, all are happy and hearty-looking. Anyway, the bronse adds to the looks of the sisters.

"The musical portion of the services is of a high order and well worthy of all the encomiums lavished on it.

"Deseronto would feel flattered were the big tent and the Crusaders to visit the town of lumber again. The probabilities are that much larger crowds would gather under the canvas."

The Summary.

Altogether, at the meetings in Deseronto, seventeen souls knelt at the penitent form, and appeared to be promising cases. The people were very kind in providing for the needs of the Crusaders, and making them comfortable, which is all the more appreciated since Deseronto is not a rich community, on the whole.

Next week we will report the journey to Kingston and our meetings in the Limestone City, at Simsbury, and Napanee.

While on your knees, put in an extra prayer for the sun-setting success of the Commissioner's Red Crusade.—R. F.

The War in South Africa.

A New Soldiers' Home for Cape Town

As we write Commissioner Railton is fighting with his old fire, zeal, and energy in and around Kimberley. Our native troops have been greatly stimulated and encouraged by his presence and counsel both here and in Zululand, where he has been quite in his element. The white soldiery of the Eastern Division have also had the privilege of a visit from Commissioner Railton during the last few weeks, and God has greatly honored his labors. Our

Leaguers' Roll

is fast increasing. We have it on the authority of Brigadier Horne, who just now is taking an especial interest in Tommy Atkins, that for some time past the Army has been making, on an average, one Leaguer a day! This is good news indeed. And if any evidence

were needed as to the interest the soldiery of the Queen take in our doings, it may be found any night of the week, and all day on Sunday, by the large and ever-increasing attendance of the military at our open-air and indoor meetings, and the good sprinkling of khaki at the prudent form.

A splendid sight was seen on Sunday night at the Cape Town Citadel, when several rows of stalwart soldiers of the Queen ranged themselves on the platform behind the Commissioner, and set a noble example to the "served civilian" element in the body of the hall by earnest prayer, vigorous singing, and red-hot testimonies.

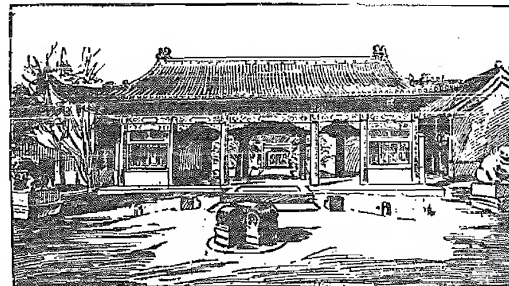
Capt. Pearce, the Scots Guards' Rosevist, officiated as a sort of fagman; all the soldiers are devoted to him.

The Commissioner had just met a fine body of Leaguers at the tea-table in the Council Chamber, and loud and prolonged were their valleys at the announcement that a new and commodious Soldiers' Home in a fine central position of the city, and on a site generously leased by the Mayor and Town Council, would shortly be an accomplished fact. The establishment of such an institution in

the Cape metropolis so soon after the opening of a similar Home in Kimberley will show to the readers of the War Cry that the interests of Tommy Atkins are being well considered.

The camp meetings are being continued with gratifying success, and hospital

visitation has become regular and systematic. But more workers are urgently needed, and money also for further developing this blessed work among the Imperial troops, whose appreciation of our efforts on their behalf is most marked.—G. Stevens, Staff-Capt.



THE BRITISH LEGATION, PEKIN.



June 24th, 1900.

from had to worse. Admiral Sey. 9 men, made up of the Towers, has of. For fourteen come through from rumor states that reached the city flag the Legations, the effect that it an immense force cut to pieces. Thus sent after them, Tien Tsin, has been ed some loss. wires the Admir

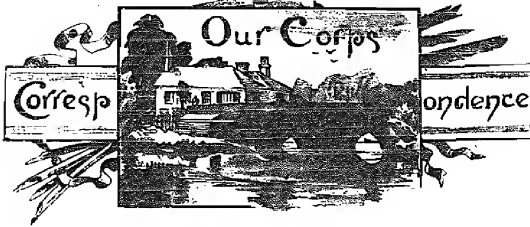
one runner has e Tien Tsin for five e Foreign Settlements entirely des- Admiral is the operations. been -slicing the at Tien Tsin for is, therefore, pos- member of Europeans e perished. Ad- Washington that is Tien Tsin, four at and seven wound- but another Relief is being despatched e feared that Ad- us met with a gravity of the situation from the fol- at to the London e Fu, which, honest- true: e Tien Tsin relief 20,000 Chinese, and modern field

instruments in this and the details of though in small a movement of the shining enormously of the foreigners against it. Practice northern China is now conducted le, due to direct General Yann Shi n Tung, commands troops, organized ellence, and equip- was in the plans ld go to Taku, but is was effected be- here."

AB.

important engage- The different e, and since last eidelberg, Stand- At.—The Boers River Colony are from the Trans- tracts hopes to cap- The British pri- the occupation of moved to Mach- tent Kruger is re- sent.—General ed infantry, some- thus, captured two mburg.—General that the country stilled down. He was quite cordial after Lord Sall- nistrator of the reports the col- s to date, from ed to their men- t General Kitch- red by the Boers June 14.—Gen- l to be sent for 1 Kruger remains

it, M.P., died in —The price of 25 cents per ton. It announces that its history the will have a sur- to \$100,000.— prize for timb- —"Jack" minah, has been ears.



NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE, ATTENTION!

Will our Newfoundland Correspondents please bear in mind that the postage rates between that country and Canada are:

Letters 4 cents an oz.
Post Cards 2 cents.

We are continually paying extra postage on one-cent post cards and two-cent letters.

JACKSON'S COVE.—We achieved a great victory in our S.-D. battle. People of Jackson's Cove and Harris' Harbor know how. \$3.85 over target.—R. Pugh.

BURIN.—Have just got safely through S.-D. with our target smashed. Can also boast of a new quarters, which about \$150, which will be ready for the use of officers by the last of June. Our soldiers' roll has been increased from 88 to 96. Quite a few young folks have been added to our ranks, and all round there has been quite an improvement. Victory is the cry of the hour.—E. H.

HANT'S HARBOR.—We are so pleased to tell you all that our leader, Brigadier Sharp, has paid us a visit. God bless the Brigadier! Our D. O. Adj. McTear, was with him, also Capt. Cumming, who was on her way home for a rest. Their visit was enjoyed by all. As the Brigadier spoke on quite a few points of the Army work everyone seemed to enjoy what was said. God's Spirit and power rested on the Brigadier. God spoke to many a heart. The soldiers and friends will welcome the Brigadier back again.—Capt. England.

ST. JOHN'S II.—Special times are not things of the past at No. 11. On Wednesday night Adj. Dowell and brass band from No. 11, was with us. Of course we always have a special time when Adj. Dowell is around. The band is rapidly improving, rendering some fine music which was appreciated by all. Wednesday night previous we had a very special gramophone service. The program was quite a large one. A goodly number partook of the good things provided. Our Self-Denial effort was a decided success. Our target, which was \$150, was smashed to pieces. Five souls at the Cross since last report.—Selma Morgan, R. C.



CLACE BAY.—Sunday, 7 a.m., 48 to kneel-drill. At night we had an old-time battle with the forces of his Satanic Majesty. As the battle grew fiercer Brigadier-Generals Dimock and McLeann entered the enemy's ranks and succeeded in capturing five prisoners. Talk about rejoicing! It almost equalled "Trotter's night." One brother, when he realized he was free, began to dance, and immediately went down into the audience and brought his clum to the penitent form. One soul Sunday night, making six for the week.—Sergeant Major.

CLARK'S HARBOR, N. S.—God is with us here, and His hand is upon us for good. Praise His name! A dear comrade, who is anxious to be obedient to the promptings of God's Spirit, came forward seeking a firmer hold of the strong hand of God in the holiness meeting. One dear sister sought and found pardon at the Cross in the Sunday night meeting. Our S.-D. target, by the blessing of God and the good work of the comrades, has been blown a good way above the standard set for us. We mean to fight for God and right.—Lieut. S. McWilliam.

STELLARTON, N. S.—Dead? No! Reached our Self-Denial target? Yes; and we have been told that has not been done here lately. We can about now the victory is won. Since last you heard from us one dear brother has returned to God, and obtained pardon and healing for his backslidings. On June 14th Major Pickering paid us a visit. There were some deeply convicted but none yielded to the claims of Jesus. On the 19th of June, Capt. and Mrs. McElheney, from New Glasgow, with the Band of Love children, gave us a meeting. The New Glasgow Band of Love children know how to go through their drills, etc. It was quite a treat, and all who attended thank Capt. and Mrs. McElheney for coming over and bringing the children. We say, "Come again, Major and Capt. and Mrs. McElheney."—Ella England, Capt. Lizzie Lehman, Lieut.



BULLINGTON.—We are marching on to victory here in this beautiful city. Our target for S.-D. was \$100, which is smashed and a thing of the past. Capt. Jones is the right person to pilot such things, and also does our share of work. Two have been to the Mercy Seat. Altogether we are having good times. Through Christ we can do valiantly.—Lieut. Nevell.

OTTAWA.—On Sunday, 17th June, we marched to our usual open-air stand on the Market Square, in front of the Butler House, which we found in a marvellous condition. Two policemen were on hand to greet us. They parlayed with Sergt.-Major Welber and Ensign Ottawa, but we escaped just this time, and we had a grand open-air meeting. Bandmaster Downey, of Kingston, was with us Saturday and Sunday, being soloist for the occasion. We had a blessed spiritual day, winding up at night's meeting with four souls at the Mercy Seat—three Juniors and one Senior.—Sec. French.

QUEBEC.—Monday night I heard Capt. Bless say, "A good meeting, a good collection, and one soul."—David Casiek, Treas.



VICTORIA.—Meetings first-rate. A few souls have been saved lately. Open-air splendid. Good crowds.—M. L.

NELSON.—We had Ensign Stingers with us on Saturday and Sunday, 9th and 10th of June, and I tell you we had grand meetings. One precious soul cried to God in the Sunday afternoon meeting, and I believe he got gloriously saved. At night two more were at the penitent form crying for mercy. They have both left town. I pray that they

may still look to Jesus. We have not been able to have our officers with us for a couple of nights. They have been sick with colds, but I believe God's healing hand is upon them.—White Wings.

KAMLOOPS.—If the extending of Christ's Kingdom and the saving of souls were, quoted in the same terms as the rise and fall of stocks in Wall St., I could safely say that S. A. stocks in Kamloops had risen 100 per cent. At any rate, by God's grace, assisted by Capt. Perrenoud's earnest, effectual songs and pleadings, and Capt. Langill's vocal and musical efforts, including Bro. Lloyd's "high note" singing, our corps has undergone a change for the better. Splendid open-air, good indoor attendance, and two more souls at the penitent form since last report. Bless God! We were sadly in need of more of His love and reviving influence.—Joe McGee.



PARRY SOUND.—"No retreat," is our motto. God is helping us. Ensign Burrows with us for a week-end. Everyone enjoyed themselves. At the close two souls sought pardon. To God we give the glory and march on.—E. Hunkinson, Capt.

PEVERSHAM.—Hallelujah! Who says Peversham is dead? It's not so. We are having glorious times here. The old devil is getting it hot and heavy. Good crowds are coming out. Our motto is, "We are in for war."—Lieut. Marshall, for Capt. Wedge.

YORKVILLE.—Capt. Welch led on the Yorkville Braves on Sunday in the absence of Capt. Rose, who has been in Brockton. After nearly eleven months at this corps, Capt. Rose has received farewell orders. He leaves for his home in Newfoundland in July.—Hart.



DAUPHIN.—On Wednesday morning (mounted on a pump-wagon) our humble servant started for the Tamarisk schoolhouse, a distance of some thirty miles, to hold a meeting at night. The drive was beautiful, with the exception of the extreme heat, but, nevertheless, I arrived on time. I was met at the farm of Mr. Evans, by two of the soldiers, Eljah and Soth Ramie. These dear comrades are farming, and their neighborhood, and take a great interest in the Sunday School and different services there. Had a good supper at Bro. W. J. Stephens' (the Superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School). This brother then hitched up his team and drove us over to the school. But didn't we have a load! When we arrived at the schoolhouse we found it well filled, and before the service began it was packed, having some 100 inside, with a number outside. It was a meeting long to be remembered. The dear people sang very well. A number gave testimony to the saving power of Christ; but, best of all, one precious soul got saved. Many were moved to tears during the meeting. Started home next morning well satisfied with the result. It was a long trip. Bro. Bell, who was selling the pumps, had to call at a number of farm houses. Arrived home about tea-time, having driven some 75 miles. Dauphin corps advances. Three souls last week.—Geo. Gamble, C. O.

CALGARY.—Although there has been no report sent in from our war office for some time, yet there is some real fighting being done. During the past few weeks four backsliders have returned to God, many of the sinners are firmly convicted of sin, and while we are in the midst of S.-D., we rejoice that God is wonderfully blessing and helping us. Officers are full of life and hope. Sure to win in the S.-D. line. Good crowds attend our open-air meetings, and in spite of so many outside attractions, our inside meetings are well attended.—Bro. R. Dunlop.

MOOSMIN.—Glad to report victory. Ensign Perry with us for week-end.

Saturday night he was dressed as a crusader, and drew a large crowd to our open-air. His address in the hall was good. Sunday was a day of victory. One young man, who was at the open-air Saturday night, got saved, yes, gloriously saved, in the afternoon, and at night another followed suit. Others were touched. Praise God.—Oscar Rite.

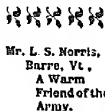
PRINCE ALBERT.—Nothing extraordinary has happened since last report, except we wound up S.-D. on time and reached our target. Glory to God! One soul saved during S.-D. week. The devil is still opposing us in every way he can, but by the might of our God, we are determined to conquer. Soldiers are getting more fire. Look out, old devil!—T. W. L.

LETHBRIDGE.—This week has been devoted to the S.-D. target of \$100, and God has blessed us in raising the same, although we did no public begging for our Senior target. The Juniors held a "Sale of Work" with an ice cream social at the close. This enabled them to raise theirs in short time, but not without careful study and training of the Band of Love children by their officers, during the past few weeks. The targets were \$85 and \$15 respectively. God is wonderfully blessing us here. The new barracks is still progressing, and we are praying God's abundant blessing on the completion of the work. During the past week we captured a brother from the Nelson corps, who came here in search of work, and found Christ in the saving power, after eight months of the empty pleasures of the world.—Wm. Farrow, R. C.



RIDGETOWN.—We know not what a day or an hour may bring forth. We proved the truth of those words on Saturday. While arranging for Sunday's meetings, a telegram came saying Capt. Haley's brother was very sick; come home at once. She could not wait till Monday morning. We went to the meeting Saturday night and Sunday, and the sympathy that was shown for the Captain will never be forgotten. From early knee-drill till the last word was spoken Sunday night, God's Spirit prevailed. Both Sunday afternoon and night there was not a dry eye in the building, which was nearly filled. People who at other times seemed trifling, could not keep the tears from falling. God's Spirit spoke to many hearts. At the close two souls were saved. Praise God! God bless the dear people of Ridgetown.—Lieut. F. M. Cook.

INGERSOLL.—By special invitation of our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Christopher, the Sunday afternoon open-air was held on their beautiful lawn. It was a rather pretty sight which met our gaze as we drove up. The little group of kneeling and uniformed soldiers with the colors waving, surrounded by the beauties of nature, and as a background, the beautiful home with the friends sitting outside. God's Spirit, too, was realized and His power manifested in song, testimony, prayer, and music. Bros. Flowers and Smith, of London, and others from Woodstock, reinforced the home corps, and did good work for God. We are glad to carry the King's message to some who are not able to come to us, and trust hearts were cheered and blessed by the meeting. We left with a hearty invitation to "come again." Inside, Capt. Wells, ever a welcome guest, read with power Paul's testimony before Agrippa, and God's willingness to keep. May His love bind us together to face the foe, and bring sinners home.—An old slave by, M. K.



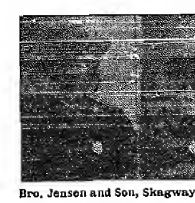
Mr. L. S. Norris,
Barre, Vt.
A Warm
Friend of the
Army.

With Jesus from Calicut
Cape Nome, Alaska

(Continued.)

After spring came, people of the helplessness of our condition. Our neighbors were kind and true, so were the people from near the country. The kindness of the Brown, I never can repay. I can. God will reward their financial assistance that Mr. Brown gave me for medical wife. Through the influence of the Methodist Church, of which was a member, my wife was the King's Daughters' Home, Francisco. God bless Mrs. Francisco. The President of the Home, time. After a short time, I decided that it was necessary to have an operation on my wife, as was set. We had four children, and a few hours before the operation, although her hands out of all human shape, little ones enabled her to hold long enough to write a few each one, and say,

"Good-bye! Meet Me in Heaven." The doctor told her that there one chance in ten to save her. I answered the doctor it was for her, but during all those suffering, trusted in God. She gathered round the operation. After the operation the doctor told me my wife could not live. I was myself. "They can't say to calm my troubled soul a number of hours, if ever I hell, if ever mortal man visits I was I; and when I heard women talk about hell in that way to myself, "They can't like I know." All hope, all leaning on, had gone out of me for me for ever. Oh, my God!



Bro. Jansen and Son, Singway

look back upon that time! A few hours of torment in the coffin, God, in a wonderful spoke peace to my troubled my brothers and sisters in understand that heavenly human breast. Glory to I. My wife's body was taken to Burek. In going back to the mountains, for I cannot—it never could be that again. His wonderful power, had that mortal transformation in me enabled me to take a stand anywhere and under all circumstances a good-hearted yet simple. Friends of my mountain wherever you may be, do not call you ungodly disrespects but that it may put you to doubt your soul's salvation, you remember the happy home little Sunday School. Some member telling me not to Bible so much, or I might reason. God bless you, you but did not understand. At God—was very near to me, my soul with His glory, although not understand, and had never a clean heart, yet I knew it a special way had blessed me to His name! Going back to live, through influence of was led to join the Methodist and I love the church. But time I ever saw the Savior I knew that was my place, could not stay away. I was the Spirit of God with my husband's meetings in Burek, long ago promoted doctor, and Hamilton to glory. I then joined heart and hands with people, although nearly all left me. Although I have represented, perhaps been out in business, been scoffed at, and I freely forgive. My life was treated in like manner, went on, God led me to come and some people said,

(Continued.)

the Kings Daughters Home in San Francisco. God bless Mrs. Congelen, the President of the Home at that time. After a short time, it was decided that it was necessary to perform an operation on my wife, and the day was set. We had four children left at home, and a few hours before the operation, although her hands were bent out of all human shape, love for her little ones enabled her to hold a pen long enough to write a few lines to each one, and say,

"Good-bye! Meet Me in Heaven."

The doctor told her that there was only one chance in ten to save her life; she answered the doctor it was all right, for she had, during all those years of suffering, trusted in God. Seven doctors gathered round the operating table. After the operation the doctor called me over and told me my wife could not live. I said, "I am glad," and he asked me why. I tried to calm my troubled soul, and for a number of hours, if ever mortal land held hell, if ever mortal man was in torment, it was I; and when I hear men and women talk about hell in this life, I say to myself, "They can never know what it is like to know." My wife died as I lived. She had gone out of existence for me, for ever. Oh, my God, when I



ETOWN.—We know not what
or on how many bring forth
the truth of these words on
y. While arranging for Sun-
meetings, a telegram came saying
July's brother was very sick
at once. She could not wait
day morning. We went to the
Saturday night and Sunday
sympathy than was shown for
any one. We never he forgotten.
quently knee-drill till the last word
spoken Sunday night, God's Spirit
led. Both Sunday afternoon and
there was not a dry eye in the
which was nearly filled. Peo-
at other times seemed trifling.
not keep the tears from falling.
spirit spoke to many hearts. Al-
e two souls were saved. Praise
God bless the dear people of
—LUCIE F. M. Cook.

ASIDE.—My special invitation to friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher, the Sunday afternoon service was held on their beautiful lawn. It was a rather pretty sight to meet our gaze as we drove up. The group of kneeling men and women, and the women, standing by the beauties of nature, the background, the beautiful home and friends sitting outside. God's love, was realized and His power in song, testimony, prayer, music, and the presence of Smith, and the home corps, did good to God. We are glad to carry His message to some who are to come to us, and trust He will be blessed and his invitation "be again." Inside Capt. Wells, welcome guest, read with power testimony before Agripino, and willingness to keep. My friends, together to face the future, slumber: Home an old stand-



"He Is After Gold, Like the Rest."

It was hard to leave the many friends that God had given me, hard to leave my three children behind, but God knows best. He will supply all my needs. I left my wife and three children in Seattle, my little boy and I were kneeling down, thanking God for our dinner in a dining-room, filled with hundreds of people, and I thought, "I am going down with us, and asked us what we had lost, and I told him what I had found. He hushed and could not say a word." I was glad to leave my family in every way in Alaska, and enabled me to take a stand for Him amongst the ungodly railroad men, and in every way to glorify Him. I was with the first Army cohort in Skagway. To-day I am, as far as I know, and as far as I can see, the only one to have been with the first Army cohort, the steamship Humboldt to Seattle, and from that place to Cape Nome, God willing. Let us be true to God, and work in the world for the Lord Jesus Christ, in Skagway, Alaska, and in Seattle, Washington.

Mr. Whitla Lays the Corner Stone—Major Southall's Latest Triumph.

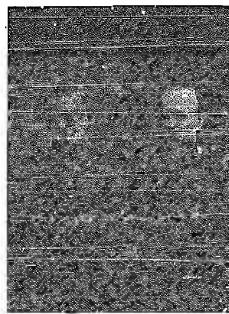
The Winnipeg Daily Tribune, June 18th, contains the following report of the laying of the corner-stone of our new Citadel:

The corner-stone of the Salvation Army barracks, to be erected on the corner of Rupert and King Streets, was well and truly laid by torch-light on Friday evening last, at 10 o'clock. A large crowd of people had gathered a long time before the Army band and soldiers appeared, and it was with some difficulty that the latter made their way onto the platform provided for them. A tent had been erected on the grounds, in which the members who were to take part sat till all was in readiness.

Adjutant, Messrs. R. J. Whitte and J. H. Ashdown, Major and Mrs. Southall, Rev. H. Kemner and lady, appeared on the platform, and were received with a tremendous loud cheer from the soldiers and bandmen. After the band had played, the adjutant, Mr. J. Ashdown, called on Adj. Cass to give out a song, and one suitable for the occasion was then sung, accompanied by the band. Major Southall offered prayer, after which the choir sang "The Stone Wall" and the hymn, "The Corner-Stone." Mr. Whitte, on stepping forward, was presented with a beautiful silver trowel by Major Southall for the occasion. After the architect and masons, Mr. Geo. Alsip, had put the stone in place, the adjutant asked the stone well and truly laid? The men answered, Yes; after which Mr. Whitte prayed, and with the usual ceremony he declared the corner-stone of the new Salvation Army barracks "well and truly laid." The adjutant then addressed the workers of the Army, and its benefit to the city, declaring that there were many who would not go to church, but were made to hear the Gospel through this world-wide organization. Mr. Whitte, then, collected the money for the corner-stone collection, and something over \$200 was laid upon the stone.

The chairman then spoke briefly of the work of different religious bodies, saying the Salvation Army was the organization to which the poor congregate, feeling more at home than in some of the other churches. He was then called upon by Major Southall, who spoke briefly. He had been sixteen years in the Army work, in this and other countries, and while his stay had not been long—eight months in Winnipeg—he had found the most liberal people in the world. He said he was, and that his fellow soldiers were, so full of practical sympathy manifested towards the Army as here. The liberal donations of \$500 each from the chairman, Mr. Whittle, and others, was an evidence of this.

The chairman then asked for anyone who would say a word who wished to speak, and Conductor Joe Paley was called to the front by some of the Army members. Mr. Paley heartily responded, and for a few minutes kept the crowd deep in the most enthusiastic applause of the Army and its members. He admired the soldiers of the Army. Some one in the crowd said that all Mr. Paley wanted was a red guernsey to make him into a Blood-and-Fire soldier. The doxology was sung, the hand played the "Amazing Grace," and the very interesting and inspiring ceremony came to a close.



Major and Mrs. Collier, Headquarters
Toronto.

I want to let the War Cry know of our very successful trip to Cape Breton.

On June 8th we started from New Glasgow, being led by Major Pickering and Capt. McEhenehy. Our brass band was composed of handsmen from New Glasgow and Westville soldiers who were anxious to do something for God and the U. S. A. Nothing eventful happened until we struck North Sydney, where the men and band struck up that warrior's song, "With sword and shield." Marching up to the barracks we found the street thronged with masses of people, wondering what all the fuss was about, but we did not take Major Pickering-long to explain the reason for our coming. Saturday night we went to Sydenham Mines, where we were met by Lieut. Haxthold and his married soldiers. After a fine march up to the Orange River, where we found a fairly good crowd of people, we had some excellent music from the musical wonder, Lieut. Haxthold. The Major promoted Lieut. Haxthold to the rank of Captain, a promotion which was warmly received in North Sydney. Meetings held at the Skating Rink. Good crowd in all the meetings, the Major dealing out the claims of God in such a way as is seldom heard. Holiness meeting three days after. At night we had a rousing time, Major McEhenehy's duet took well. At the close two souls found forgiveness, one of these being the writer. Capt. McEhenehy was wound up on trip at Gleece Bay. We were met two miles out of town by that wide-awake Sergt.-Major who is proving a giant in the war. Fine time had by the soldiers, no doubt. Gleece Bay is a fine place for the Army. Next morning we proceeded home, tired and happy, but flowing over in soul.—John

In London correspondence to the Associated Press we find a description by Julian Ralph of a ride to Bloemfontein in the wake of Roberts' army, from which we take the following:

"I saw ahead of me a swarm of vultures soaring in as thick a cloud as if they had been moths. As I drew near I noticed that the bulk of each one's body was very great. On the ground, where there were two score waddling about, they seemed even larger.

"They marked the outer edge of the greent and horrid field of carnage. Many dead horses lay on the veldt, and these birds were eating some and perching on the backs of others.

"They were to be my constant companions for three days. I was to see hundreds upon hundreds of them, and never once by day fail to see them. Yet there were not enough of them to make away with all the food that was had given them.

"Of all the pitiful, heart-rending sights I have ever seen, none are compared to this view of hundreds upon hundreds of dead and dying horses on this one hundred miles of war's promenade.

"The poor beasts had done no man any harm—in fact, each one had been a man's relative—and to see them shattered by shell and then ripped open by vultures, often before they were dead, was enough to snap the tenderest ehorde of one's breast. For some reason hundreds had dragged themselves to the main road, and there had died either in the truck of the waggons or by the side.

"My companion used to turn and look back at these dying horses to find that they were still straining their eyes after the cart. Then he would say, 'He is looking at us yet. Oh, it makes me sick. Look, he is staring at us like a guilty conscience.'"

"For my part I would not look behind. Heaven knows it was bad ahead, where horses stumbled and fell from weakness while the horrible vultures swept in circles over them, eager to rend their living flesh."

**Do You Wear Feathers in Your Hat?
Then Read This!**

A French naturalist asserts that, "if the world should become birdless, man could not inhabit it after nine years' time, in spite of all the sprays and poisons that could be manufactured for the destruction of insects. The bugs and slugs would simply eat up all the orchards and crops in that time."

Saintliness is to be cultivated and exhibited, but it must be the genuine article. It must be far removed from sanctimoniousness and censoriousness. It must combine the sweetness of charity with the savor of godliness.

• The •
Historical Group
• Photo. •

This excellent Group Photo can now be purchased for a limited time at **\$2.00 EACH,** prepaid to any part of the world, from **BRIGADIER CAYGILL,** Trade Secretary, National Headquarters, 120-124 West 14th Street, New York City.

321-N.R.—This group contains 714 faces, all of which can be clearly distinguished. They represent officers of the Salvation Army in almost every country, including the General and his family, and the Commissioners of the different territories. Canada is well represented; besides Mrs. Eva Booth, our beloved and dearly-remembered mother, we have Col. and Mrs. Jacob, Lt.-Col. Margaret, Lt.-Col. Mrs. Read, the late Brig. Read, Brig. and Mrs. Friedrich, Brig. and Mrs. Pangwire, Brig. and Mrs. Compilin, Brig. Sharp, Major and Mrs. Horn, Major and Mrs. Turner, Major and Mrs. McMillan, Staff Capt. Mrs. May, and Staff Capt. Mrs. McMillan. We also have Archibald, Staff Capt. Macdonald, Staff Capt. Archibald, and Capt. Brown, and a number of other Staff and Field Officers.

Faithful to the End.

Brother Goodenough, of Lindsay, Goes to His Reward.

It is our painful duty to report the death of an old and staunch friend, in the person of dear Father Goodenough, who for the past 17 years has stood by the Army through evil report and good report. He was born in Hartland, Devonshire, England, in 1821, and came to Canada in 1851. He located in Ops Township, where he resided until about 20 years ago, when he removed to Lindsay. About the year 1883, Father identified himself with the Army through joining the Auxiliary League. His place from that time—about the third seat from the front—was seldom vacant until about a year ago, when disease took hold of his poor frame and he was confined to his house. From that time he began to go down the hill very rapidly, in spite of the best medical aid and nursing at the hands of his

for a few moments he was conscious of his position and surroundings, and told those around him he was saved and ready to die, and then sang a verse of his favorite song, "Jesus, Lover of my soul."

He was a native of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, and was converted in Pennsylvania, U. S. A., 24 years ago. He joined the S. A. in Vancouver about 8 years ago. We gave him an Army funeral. Busigo Staiger was with us and rendered valuable help. A good crowd came to the service at the hall at 2 p.m. We had also a memorial service at night; both meetings were very impressive, and though many were deeply convicted none yielded. A. C. for Gooding and Long, C. O's.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriended and, as far as possible, arranged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangelina Scott, 16 Alber St., Toronto, and mark "Missing" on the envelope. They can be sent, if possible, to safety.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to be regularly through this column and to notify St. Commissioners if they are able to give any information of persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

JONES, J. A. Telegraph operator and repairer. Last heard of 12 years ago, between Kingston and Brockville. Height 5 ft. 11 in., sandy moustache and whiskers, weight 150 lbs. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

TERRILL, MORGAN, of Belleville, desires information as to the whereabouts of his wife Elizabeth, and little boy, who left Belleville a few weeks ago. He promises to be a better man if she will return. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

Second Insertion.

GARDINER, WILLIAM HARMAN, Age 28. Was brought with brother Victor from Boston to Detroit in 1880, and parted in Wayne County, Victor enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

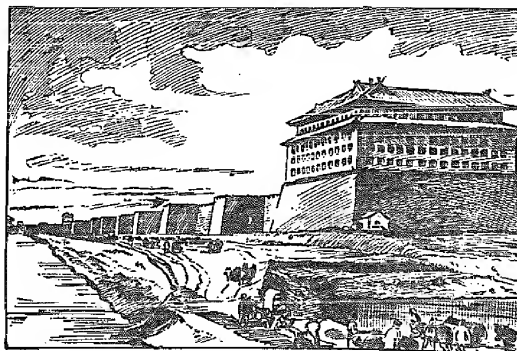
WESTWARD, ANNIE, Age 80. Last known address, Lambton County, Nova Scotia. Sister Enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

TELLY, EDWARD, Left Dresden 12 years ago. Last heard of in Denver, Col. Brother enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HACKETT, THOMAS WALTER, Age 33, height 6 ft., brown hair and eyes. Was boss in stone quarry. Last heard of nine years ago in Porto Costa, Cal. Supposed to be in Capt. Nemo, Alaska. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

DUNHAM, GEORGE H., Age 51, height 5 ft. 6 in., fair, thick set. Left San Francisco for Dawson, in March, 1898. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

Animal resistance is, no doubt, common; but the pure article, courage and conduct, self-possession at the cannon's mouth, cheerfulness in lonely adherence to the right, is the endowment of elevated characters.—Emerson.

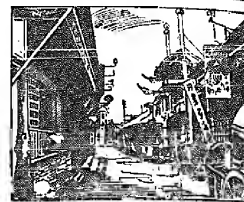


THE WALLS OF PEKIN, CHINA.

C.O.P. Officers in Council AT RICHMOND STREET.

On Monday afternoon, 18th, a look into the Evangeline Home, on Farley Ave., would have convinced anyone that the "S. A. Ministerial Brethren" of the city, and a few from the near-by corps, were bent on making the best of the council led by the Assistant Provincial Officer and the Chancellor of the C. O. P. After the Major started off with a ringing song, the "tiny tots" of the Home were placed on seats just outside the door, and the smiles from their faces and the claps from their little hands made some of us think of former days. Everyone was pleased to hear a letter read by Staff-Capt. Stanton from Brigadier Gaskin, who was away at the time leading forth our Brampton comrades. Mrs. Staff-Capt. Taylor, from Montreal, sang, "Hear ye the battle cry?" Major Turner said that now we had got in together after the S.D. conflict, we could rejoice together over the victories. He spoke then of the advantages of open-air work during the hot, sultry months. The Century Scheme was next on the program. Figures were given of the advances already made and everyone felt assured that at the end of the year the respective targets would be handled by the C. O. P. comrades in a way that they always handle their special efforts. Capt. Richmond, with his violin, sang, "Peace, sweet peace." Major said he was pleased to report that there had been an increase during the year of 1,000 soldiers throughout the Dominion, notwithstanding the losses by death, etc., etc. He then spoke of the great need of more interest in the J. S. work. Staff-Capt. Turner then made a suggestion that some of the corps amalgamate for an excursion to St. Catharines by boat. Major next read a part of the 4th chapter of St. Matthew, and spoke forcibly on "The Temptations of Jesus." Mesdames Turner and Taylor, Adjts. Cameron, Moore, Scurr, and DeBrisay, Capt. Banks and White, and Lieut. Liddard, and others, spoke a few words. Mention was made of our late comrade, Professor Wiggins, whose wife and family were shown much sympathy in their bereavement. We all repaired to the Huron St. Barracks, to find Esau and Mrs. Walker with a beautiful spread of good things for the officers.

At 7:15 we gathered at the corner of Spadina and Queen Streets, for an open-air, led by Staff-Capt. Stanton. Inside a good crowd had already gathered. After the opening song and prayer, your humble dust sang, "For me." Huron Street's "Himmie" and "Colonel" Matchett humorously spoke. Not only that, but their feet got wet, and they began to get them tangled up doing a jig. The Major found himself taking part in proceedings of somewhat the same nature. Captains Will and Kivell sang a duet. Adj. Moore kept the testimonies going, and then, Capt. Richmond sang a solo, "Colonel" Matchett sang a solo; he is himself responsible for the composition. A little later Lieut. Liddard sang, and then Adj. Cameron followed with a couple of verses from God's word. Three Corps-Adjts. from Lisgar St. sang a trio and spoke. The meeting closed leaving blessing and cheer to our hearts. —T.



A Street in Peking, China.

Coming Events.

The Field Commissioner, MISS BOOTH,

ACCOMPANIED BY

The Territorial Staff Band,

WILL VISIT

Grimsby Park,

AND DELIVER TWO ADDRESSES

ON

SUNDAY, JULY 15th,

At 3 and 7.30 p.m.

The Staff Band will conduct a Musical Festival on Saturday at 8 p.m., and a Holiness Meeting on Sunday at 11 a.m.

LIEUT.-COL. MARGETTS

Will Conduct Teat Meetings

at

RIVERSIDE, Sunday, July 8.

LIEUT.-COL. MRS. READ

Accompanied by LIEUT. BELL, will visit

North Sydney, Sunday, July 8.

Sydney, Monday, July 9.

Gloucester Bay, Tuesday, July 10.

Sydney Mines, Wednesday, July 11.

North Sydney, Thursday, July 12.

New Glasgow, Sat., Sun., and Mon., July 14, 15, 16.

Truro, Tuesday, July 17.

Halifax, Thurs., Fri., Sat., and Sun., July 19 to 22. (Rescue Anniversary and Opening of New Home)

Dartmouth, Wednesday, July 23.

Windsor, Thurs. and Fri., July 24, 25.

Yarmouth, Sat., Sun., and Mon., July 28, 29, 30.

Digby, Tuesday, July 31.

Moncton, Thursday, Aug. 1.

St. John, Sat., Sun., Mon., Tues., and Wed., Aug. 4 to 8. (Rescue Anniversary.)

BRIGADIER and MRS. GASKIN

Lisgar St., Thursday, July 12. (Belshazzar Wedding.)

MAJOR and MRS. TURNER

Will Conduct Camp Meetings

at

Fredericton, week ending July 7, and

Sunday, July 8.

G. B. M. Appointments.

ENSIGN PERRY.

Medicine Hat, Wed., Thurs., and Fri., July 11, 12, 13.

Moose Jaw, Sat. and Sun., July 14, 15.

Minot, Tues. and Wed., July 17, 18.

ENSIGN BURROWS.

Fenelon Falls, Sat., Sun., and Mon., July 14, 15, 16.

Kinnoult, Tuesday, July 17.

Norland, Wednesday, July 18.

ENSIGN HODDINGOTT.

King'sville, Thursday, July 19.

Windsor, Fri., Sat., and Sun., July 19, 20, 21.

Essex, Mon. and Tues., July 16, 17.

Tilbury, Wednesday, July 18.



BROTHER GOODENOUGH, Lindsay.

daughter, Mrs. Moyle. On May 18th, about 4:30 p.m., his spirit took its flight to the God Who gave. Capt. and Mrs. Hanna, on visiting him about two hours before he passed away, found him wearing the cross. He requested a quiet Army funeral, conducted by Mrs. Hanna.

She read a few words from the Bible, and asked him, "What shall I tell the Lord?" His answer was, "I am coming to Him." He then asked him how he would like to be buried. He said, "Do not go to any extra expense; just a plain coffin. You will see to everything in connection with the funeral."

He then called his daughter to his side and said, "I am dying," and bending over she kissed him a fond farewell until the morning. Then he exclaimed, "Don't you see? There are thousands of them." The presence of God filled the room as the dear saint and soldier went sweeping through the gates. On Monday, the 20th, the house was filled to overflowing with a large crowd of comrades and friends. The home was ever open to many sick and wounded officers and soldiers.

An impressive service was conducted by Capt. and Mrs. Hanna, also at the cemetery, where many gathered to pay the last respects. As we sang "There is no Friend like Jesus, there's no place like home," a backslidden comrade returned to God and the Army. His place is vacant in our barracks and in his home, but our loss is heaven's gain. —Arthur Moore, Sergt-Major.

Promoted to Glory from Rossland, B.C.

Bro. Geo. McClusky, late of Vancouver, arrived here about three weeks ago, and though of a retiring disposition, yet his happy face and bright testimony made him to be loved by all. His promotion has left a blank much felt in our ranks. On Wednesday, the 6th, he was at the meeting; he prayed most earnestly and in his testimony mentioned the uncertainty of life, and urged the unsaved to get ready. His words and earnestness were remarked by quite a few of the comrades present. He worked the next day, but felt unwell, stayed at home Friday, but was taken to the hospital Saturday delirious, and, but for a few short intervals, remained so till his soul was set free at 11:30 a.m., Monday, the 11th. He was visited by a few comrades, and on Sunday afternoon

"HE

Being a Synod

By THE TEAR

A drum was heard

As our sad way

Wended;

But 'tis hard to

return,

That our comrade

ended.

"He is going to last words which brother, Professorly uttered before had fitted from the 'for ever with

A S

The call, though needed, at last Staff-Capt. Gaskin in the tent Grave on Sunday a messenger brother (Professor Wiggins is the ed immediately a Staff-Captain has squared. We were a news which had reached us the ment that soon health, and to the and was vigorous weeks prior to this with the sickness ly career—an ol nerves. Early e had for ever bid the discords of e at the harp and day in the heave skies.

An Inter

Professor Wiggins known character minion of Canada line of his career considerable inter ers. Apart from the work he put pecially in form recognition.

PROFESSOR

He was born Yorkshire, England, and joined the 17 years of n service. He Mutiny, after v military service America. On suffered shipwreck than three months of which each one pound of rations. On ar fever was enu pelled to pay i fore being allow pleted his milit ton, N. B. through sickness relieved from th The three year the captivity of I in the Old Cour America in 1875

A M

There is no b the accomplish

"HE IS GOING TO TAKE ME!"

Being a Synopsis of the Career and Promotion of Our Glorified Comrade, the Late Professor Wiggins.

By THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

A drum was heard and a funeral note, As our sad way to Mount Pleasant we wended; But 'tis hard to realize, 'e'en since we returned, That our comrade's career on earth's ended.

J. E. M.

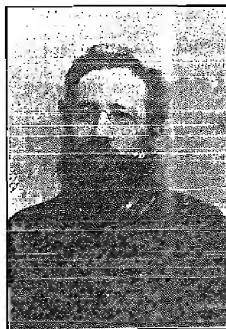
"He is going to take me," were the last words which our dear departed brother, Professor Wiggins, intelligently uttered before his now-glorified spirit had fitted from its "house of clay" to be "for ever with the Lord."

A Sudden Call.

The call, though not altogether unexpected, at last came very suddenly. Staff-Capt. Creighton was assisting the Colonel in the next meeting in Dufferin Grove on Sunday night, 17th June, when a messenger brought the news: "Professor Wiggins is dying. You are wanted immediately at the hospital." The Staff-Captain hastened away with all speed. We were all hoping that the good news which had a day or two previously reached us that he was better had meant that soon he would be restored to health, and to the work which he loved and was vigorously pushing, when five weeks prior to this he was stricken down with the sickness which ended his earthly career—an obscure disease of the nerves. Early on Monday morning he had for ever laid aside the Piano and the discords of earth to take his place at the hazy and to revel through eternal day in the heavenly harmonies of the skies.

An Interesting Career.

Professor Wiggins was such a well-known character throughout the Dominion of Canada that possibly an outline of his career may prove to be of considerable interest to our many readers. Apart from that fact, however, the work he put in for the Army, especially in former days, merits some recognition.



PROFESSOR WIGGINS.

He was born in the town of Leeds, Yorkshire, England, August 23rd, 1842, and joined the British Army when sixteen years of age, doing eight years' service. He served in the Indian Mutiny, after which, and during his military service, he was drafted to America. On the journey the troops suffered shipwreck for no less a period than three months—the last six weeks of which each man was allowed but one pound of biscuits per week as ration. On arriving at Bermuda the fever was raging, and they were compelled to pay in advance for coffee before being allowed to land. He completed his military career at Fredericton, N. B., where, being disabled through sickness, he was permanently relieved from the service. The three years following he spent in the capacity of Railway Station Master, in the Old Country, returning again to America in 1873.

A Musical Genius.

There is no need for me to dwell on the accomplishments of Geo. A. O.

Wiggins as a musician. The many who have watched and listened to his clever executions upon the piano are his own judges, and have formed their own conclusions. The fact that he graduated in the Royal Academy of Music in London, England, as B.A., accounts for more, perhaps, than anything I could say, but it appears from a child he inherited a love, and possessed an aptitude, for music such as is certainly exceptional. It was this feature that marked him out, as a boy, and placed him in the proud position of having played before Her Majesty Queen Victoria shortly after he was six years of age.

It was the opportunity for musical development which attracted him to the British Army. The three years he spent at Fredericton were put in as Instructor of Music at the Military School. Upon his release he immediately returned to London, England, and re-entered the Royal Academy of Music, where, after receiving his degree of B.A., he remained for one year as a teacher.

Later, he introduced music into the Collegiate Institute, at Whitchurch, Ont., and was recognized as one of the Professors of the same. He was married to Miss Annie King, on October 15th, 1879.

His Conversion.

It was while Professor Wiggins was living in Whitchurch, Ont., that the Army "opened fire." When he heard them on the street he began to think that the Judgment Day was drawing nigh, and that it was high time he had quit the one unfortunate habit of his life, which had been the "cup of bitterness" to himself, to his dear wife, and to their personal friends—the drink. He listened to the Army on the street two or three times, followed them to the barracks, and there sought and found salvation. The characteristic reformation of conversion was soon manifest, not only in the changed life respecting himself, but also in the happiness, comfort, and joy which illumined and radiated his family and home.

Army Service.

He became a soldier, and a year, or so later, applied for officership. He was accepted, and did service at Headquarters, following as Field Officer at Colborne, Kingston, and Perth.

The kind of service which he rendered may be very well gauged from the following reports extracted from the War Cry:

Colborne, June 1885.

Colborne is going up. Two souls and three wanderers have returned. A great, broad man, half-dressed, said, "That he felt led by the Spirit of God to come into the barracks, and every word that was said shot him right in the heart; he felt the meeting was expressly for him. He was brought up of wealthy and praying parents, but run away from home (State of New York), and was led away. He also had a praying wife, but, owing to his drinking habits, she could not stay with him. He has been separated from her for several years. For fifteen years he has been connected with Frank Robins' American Circus, driving a band wagon, and other things connected with the devil's plaything; but, praise God! he thanked the blessed Saviour that He led him into the despised Salvation Army barracks, for Jesus had shown him the light."

He has left the circus and will go home to his wife and trust God in the future. Glory, praise, and power to God for ever.

Colborne, September, 1885.

Since our last report three precious souls have wept their way to Calvary. Our meetings Sunday, grand; the power of God came down; sinners trembling; tears flowing. Happy Jimmie, myself, and wife farewelled for another battle-field. Glory to God! We made a fresh covenant with Jesus, and "Where He leads we will follow." The corps is going up, just because the soldiers and officers are living low down at the feet of Jesus. Saturday, our last "How-to-be-happy. - Love-Jesus. - Sal-

vation-demonstration," took the people by surprise, on the Market Square. Thousands as the people came forward to bid us good-bye. Thank God, a good number of them promised to meet us in heaven. When giving my experience as a drunkard, many were the prayers offered up for me that I might be kept faithful. I wanted the person who had bid \$200 that he would have me drunk before I left Colborne, to give me part of it for a donation, to help call the old chorist along. Victory through the Blood!

In Prison.

While stationed in Brockville, indeed it was in connection with the advent of the Army to that city, Captain Wiggins was, like Paul, honored as being made a prisoner for the Gospel's sake. The following report appeared in the War Cry dated October, 1885, under the heading:

Stogo of Brockville.

Having marched for a short distance singing several choruses, we halted on a slightly-raised elevation near the Post Office, frequently used by patent medicine men, and fired in among the hundreds of people with whom we were surrounded. While engaged in singing—

"O'er the battlements of Glory.

His ones are looking down."

a gentleman, who proved to be the Chief of Police, stepped up, touched Capt. Wiggins gently with his cane and drew him to one side.

"You are the Captain, I presume," he said.

"Yes, sir," answered the Captain.

"We cannot tolerate your disturbing the peace thus," responded the police officer. "You must not act in this manner any more on the streets."

"We will obey God, sir."

"Well, you understand, if this is repeated, I will have to do my duty and lock you up."

"Perfectly right," replied the Captain.

"Do your duty, and we will do our duty to God."

The intention of the Magistrate to arrest us was soon known, and spread like wild-fire. Accordingly, in the afternoon some thousands of curious people had accumulated on the streets, waiting for us and anxious to see the results. The Captain and Cadet threw themselves in the hands of God, and with hearts full of love for perishing souls, raised their voices as they passed through the masses of people on either side of the street, and sang:

"Oh, yes, there's salvation for you."

They had not gone far, however, before Capt. Wiggins experienced the unpleasantness of the halcyon's hand to the back of his coat collar. Hopping along in this awkward position, he continued to sing:

"I will follow Thee, my Saviour,

Thou didst shed Thy blood for me,

And though all men should forsake me,

By Thy grace I'll follow Thee."

Cadet Bell, meanwhile, was affectionately embraced in the loving arms of a man in a blue coat with brass buttons. Honored with such attention, they were ushered into the precincts of the police station. After an hour's kneedell and song, just when Capt. Wiggins was feeling for the softest plank, and had found the one with the fewest knots, the gentleman in blue entered, and, after taking their names, stated that they could go, with the understanding that they would appear the following morning at 10 o'clock.

Ten o'clock Monday morning arrived. The prisoners were arraigned in court and charged with violating the by-law. After a prolonged discussion, in which the officers expressed their intention to obey God rather than man, they felt as their knees and prayed that God would bless and save the authorities, and expressed their willingness to go to prison if the Lord desired it.

The Magistrate gave them the option of paying one dollar each and each, or being sent to jail for ten days. He also stated that this being the first offence he had it in his power to discharge them if they would promise to desist, which, of course, would mean disobedience to God. Rather than this, they took the ten days in Brockville jail, the Cadet singing as he went.

"I'm satisfied with Jesus here, He's everything to me."

Following his command at Perth, he travelled through the country making and singing Salvation Army music and

songs, and telling what Christ had done for him through the Army's instrumentality.

His Compositions.

It was immediately after his release from Brockville jail that he wrote the words and music of that song which has gone all round the world:

"Forward soldiers, marching on to war, Step out boldly, keep the foe in view; We shall conquer, for we know we are 'True Blood-and-Pie' soldiers of the King of Kings."

Several other songs which Brother Wiggins made have had a similar popularity, among them are those with music contained in this and following issues, and the songs of which the following are the choruses:

"List to the Saviour's voice speaking,

"I love thee, I love thee; poor soul come to Me;

My blood that was shed is still fresh and flowing

To cleanse thee from sin, from sin. Come, come, be set free."

"Take a ticket to Heaven, now's the time;

All aboard, for the train is now ready; Single tickets only issued on this line, No stopping till you get to Glory."

He visited the Crystal Palace, in London, England, at our Territorial Congress, in 1890, when he, with many others, witnessed a sight which has, perhaps, been only improved by seeing face to face the Lamb of God Who washed away his sins. Writing to his wife from the Congress Hall, Clapton, London, Eng., he says:

"I cannot describe to you the grandeur of the processions and meetings at the Crystal Palace. I trembled and cried with delight. About one hundred and thirty thousand people present, 5,200 officers among them, every country represented; 1,000 handmen—I played on the piano at the Palace, 500 out to the peaceful farm."

Sad that so soon after this a chapter occurred in his history which is, perhaps, best unwritten, but which, for the sake of others who may have fallen, and are now away from God, we would like to say we believe was all long since forgiven.

His Restoration.

When another record is written—or rather is revealed—we believe it is most likely to show that, under God, his restoration was chiefly attributable to the loving, faithful, and untiring efforts of one or two of the members of our Territorial Headquarters' Staff, who, from the day they first came across his pathway, have never ceased to visit him, pray with and for him, and do all in their power to assist him in other ways—oft-times calling on him more than once per day, until they knew for certain that he had complete victory over his one besetting sin, and that his feet were again well established in the ways of righteousness.

Near the latter end of 1899, the writer and the General Secretary were walking up Yonge Street and we met Brother Wiggins, where, in conversation, he assured us that the next day, being Sunday, he was going to Lippincott barracks to give himself afresh to God. The Chief Secretary was speaking there on the Sunday in question, and, true to his word, Bro. Wiggins sought and found the prize he had so long lost—salvation.

From that day to the day of his death he has been most diligent, and as a soldier has gloried in the grace that saved him. He composed several new songs, among them being:

"For His Spirit every moment followed me."

Nor was he slow to express his appreciation and gratitude to the people and organization which carried to his weary heart the "Gospel of Christ Jesus."

His end was peace; and after an impressive service in the barracks, where he loved to come and "sing, and pray, and play for Jesus," as he used to say, he was given a soldier's funeral, his body being laid in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, on Tuesday, June 19th.

None, apart from his own loved ones, miss Professor Wiggins more than do the soldiers of the Lippincott corps, and the members of Salvation Army children who were reaping at his hands such a loving and valuable musical education. Our readers will remember in tender pleading those left behind.

HUSTLERS RENDEZVOUS

The Downfall of Nigger!—Arab Winks His Winning Eye Again
—Mysterious Mag — Transcendent "Star" — Best
Klondike Wishes—Welcome, Port Essington.

NOTES BY ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE ONTARIO COMPETITION.

West Ontario Province	87
East Ontario Province	82
Central Ontario Province	80

—[]—

How are the mighty fallen!

—[]—

That winning gait of Nigger's is now locked!

—[]—

Faithful Arab! Long may thy friends live and quick may thy foes be scattered.

—[]—

How vain, after all, are our boasts! Should not all these and down-falls remind us that we are but mortals, and, therefore, liable to err?

—[]—

I'm afraid the expression on the face of Mr. Spibbins will have its counterpart in many a wayside cottage in Central Ontario. Alas, poor Nigger!

—[]—

Mag is a supreme wonder to me. I can't understand how it is she can't get either first or last! To be half-way between so often is really exasperating. Brigadier Pugmire should devote more time to the interesting study of "The Horse, and How to Train it." Would he get there then? did you ask? Well, I never!

—[]—

Lieut. Smith, of London is well to the front with her 216 War Crys. But will London please notice that with 10 hummers selling 20 each, they would enable their idol to get a good many paces ahead! That's so, isn't it?

—[]—

THE "EAST vs. WEST" COMPETITION.

Eastern Prov. 102 Pacific	41
Newfound'd. 8 Klondike ...	2
Totals ..	102
	51

—[]—

Hurrah for the Eastern Star!

—[]—

It has a most remarkable habit of setting one week and hatching out a new brood of victorias the next!

—[]—

I have seen Adj. Frank Morris, late of Dawson City. As soon as I can I'm going to ask how all those hummers are getting on.

—[]—

Adj. Barr is an old and esteemed friend of mine. He won't forget the mighty War Cry when he reaches the Golden City. I should like to make just one request, and that is, if he finds his hummers' names won't reach me in time for the next issue, will he please wire them?

—[]—

That St. John's I again! Oh, if I could only lay my hands on Adjutant Dowell! He'd have an unpleasant quarter of an hour, you're right. And it wouldn't surprise me if he could be seen looking round for some hair tonic after I got through with him.

—[]—

I see Capt. Southall goes to Skagway. Success to you, Captain. One of the best things I can wish you is that a real War Cry boom may strike the town about the same time as you do.

—[]—

Hurrah for Port Essington! The worthy Esigun Thoroldson must let us have the photos of his hummers. Don't forget now. Wouldn't it be lovely just to drop into his little Salvation village and give each and all a good handshake!

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

ST Hustlers.

Lieut. Smith, London	216
Capt. Sitzer, Woodstock	185
Capt. Hollman, Chatham	175
Capt. Howcroft, Strathroy	120
Ensign Slat, Leamington	100
Lieut. Maister, Goderich	100
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Stratford	97
Lieut. Yeomans, Brantford	97
S. M. Bateman, Stratford	88
Ensign Green, Windsor	85
Lieut. Kaucke, Galt	85
Capt. Henter, St. Thomas	85
Capt. Williams, Galt	75
Capt. Green, Windsor	75
Lieut. Plant, Clinton	74
Capt. Fyfe, Sarnia	70
Amie Wright, Ingersoll	68
Lieut. Crank, Wingham	68
Ensign Burns, Dresden	66
Sister Foster, Petrolia	65
Adj. McAmmond, Brantford	64
Capt. Freeman, Berlin	63
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	60
Sergt. Allen, Mitchell	60
Mrs. Downs, St. Thomas	58
Mrs. Major Cooper, Goderich	57
Lieut. Carley, Norwich	55
Ensign Wakefield, London	53
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	53
Lieut. Ringer, Simcoe	53
Lieut. Feunney, Blenheim	53
Ensign Gamble, Wallaceburg	52
Capt. McCutcheon, Guelph	51
Sister Burns, Petrolia	50
Mrs. Hills, Scarboro'	50
Capt. Wiseman, Tacton	50
Lieut. Horwood, Wallaceburg	45
Capt. Dowell, Sarnia	42
Mrs. Harris, London	42
Capt. Hocken, Tilsonburg	40
Lieut. Kitchen, Tilsonburg	40
Ensign Palmer, London	40
Ensign Crawford, Woodstock	40
Mrs. Capt. Huntingdon, Essex	40
Sergt. Wakefield, Forest	40
Capt. Burrows, Bayfield	40
Capt. Bouney, Wyoming	40
Lieut. Stickle, Sarnia	40
Sergt. Schuster, Berlin	36
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	35
Capt. Crawford, Hespeler	35
Ensign Simpson, Guelph	35
Capt. Enley, Ridgeway	35
Capt. Campbell, Clinton	35
Mrs. Capt. Freeman, Berlin	33
Gertie Yeomans, Brantford	33
Sergt. Dearling, Hespeler	30
Capt. Carr, Wutford	30
Lieut. Wiles, Palmerston	30
Sergt. Gifford, Simcoe	30
Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Drayton	30
Capt. Hancock, Ingersoll	28
Capt. Cox, Hespeler	28
Stanley Gammage, Chatham	26
Sister Andersen, Watford	26
Sister Allen, Wallaceburg	25
Lieut. Cook, Ridgeway	25
Capt. Huntingdon, Essex	25
Lieut. Thompson, Bothwell	25
Capt. Burton, Palmerston	25
Mrs. McIlroy, St. Thomas	24
Capt. Gibson, Paris	23
Lieut. Harman, Ingersoll	23
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	22
Lieut. Greenbridge, Stratford	22
Bro. Musgrave, Wrexeter	20
Lieut. Smith, Tilsonburg	20
Ensign Scott, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Hockin, St. Thomas	20
Corps-Cadet Clark, St. Thomas	20

Baudsman Fleming, London	20
Sergt. Mrs. Livins, Ingersoll	20
Capt. Jarvis, Petrolia	20
Ensign, Dresden	20
Ensign, Thedford	20
Sister Gordon, Paris	20
Bro. Ellis, Sarnia	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

82 Hustlers.

Capt. Wilson, Ottawa	150
Lieut. McEwan, Ottawa	125
Sergt. Major Dunder, Ottawa	125
Capt. O'Neil, St. Albans	105
Lieut. Pittman, St. Albans	105
Bro. Green, Barre	100
Capt. Downey, St. Johnsbury	100
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	95
Mrs. Adj. Kendall, Kingston	90
Capt. A. Cresco, Cohouque	90
Lieut. Tyus, Arnprior	80
Lieut. Ludlow, Barre	80
Adj. Ogilvie, Cornwall	75
Lieut. Thompson, Cornwall	75
Capt. Yake, Deseronto	70
Capt. McNaney, Sherbrooke	70
Capt. Jones, Burlington	70
Capt. Woods, Pembroke	70
Crs. Capt. Stacey, Gannanogue	67
Lieut. Hicks, Newport	65
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	65
Sergt. Moore, Montpelier	65
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Belleville	63
Capt. Stacey, Gannanogue	55
Lieut. Hickman, Pembroke	53
J. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	52
Sergt. Shaver, Montreal I.	50
Ensign Yerec, Brockville	50
Lieut. Elley, Belleville	50
Capt. Carter, Belleville	50
Capt. Winford, Trenton	50
Sergt. Hippen, Montreal II.	50
Lieut. Hoole, Port Hope	50
Capt. Green, Perth	50
Capt. Grove, Prescott	50
Capt. Owen, Cootecook	50
Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal IV.	55
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	45
Sister Wilkie, St. Johnsbury	45
Capt. Vance, Renfrew	44
Capt. Bliss, Quebec	42
Capt. Weir, Mt. Lake	42
Sergt. Dine, Barre	40
P. S. M. Veal, Kingston	40
Capt. Randall, Renfrew	40
Sister Vacour, Montreal I.	40
Ensign Duquette, Trenton	37
Capt. Magee, Campbellford	37
Lieut. Liddell, Campbellford	37
Mrs. Jones, Tweed	36
Adj. Kendall, Kingston	35
Sergt. Merchant, St. Johnsbury	35
Capt. Stanforth, Napanee	35
Capt. Burch, Newport	34
Capt. Dawson, Montreal II.	33
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec	33
Capt. Slater, Bloomfield	30
Capt. Ash, Odessa	30
Hattie Young, Sherbrooke	30
Mrs. Capt. Green, Perth	30
Lieut. Carter, Morrisburg	27
Capt. Gammaide, Sunbury	26
Capt. Pitcher, Morrisburg	26
Capt. Crego, Kemptonville	25
Lieut. Brooks, Kemptonville	25
Sister Ault, Kemptonville	25
Willie Williams, Montreal I.	25
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	25
Sergt. Brown, Montreal I.	25
Sister Logie, Montreal I.	25
Mrs. A. Ensign Wain, Pictou	25
Lieut. Cook, Montreal II.	24
Sergt. Butters, Montreal II.	21
Capt. Comstock, Port Hope	20
Madred Veal, Barre	20
Sergt. Raymond, Barre	20
Sergt. Newell, Barre	20
P. S. M. Smith, Windsor	20
Mrs. Ensign Sims, Barre	20
Ensign Sims, Barre	20
Lieut. Langford, Arnprior	20
P. S. M. Russell, Millbrook	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

80 Hustlers.

Lieut. Lamb, Hamilton I.	150
Nellie Richards, Lindsay	105
Adj. Moore, St. Catharines	90
Lieut. Tricker, Riverside	87
Lieut. McLennan, Newmarket	65

Lieut. Price, Owen Sound	60
Lieut. Bone, Bracebridge	57
Sergt. Pearce, Temple	57
Capt. Brant, Omemee	57
Sister Howcock, Lippincott	55
Lieut. Parker, Hamilton II.	50
Capt. Adams, Collingwood	50
Lieut. Pattenden, Collingwood	50
Ensign Walker, Richmond St.	50
Capt. Barker, Meaford	50
Capt. Darrach, Meaford	50
Lieut. Bond, Owen Sound	50
Mrs. Lightheart, Hamilton I.	50
Sergt. J. Danforth, Hamilton I.	50
Capt. Hanna, Lindsay	50
Capt. Lott, Cravenhurst	45
Mrs. Bowbeer, Lisgar St.	45
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	41
Sergt. Major Gilks, Yorkville	40
Capt. N. Connor, Dundas	40
Lieut. Penock, Dundas	40
Lieut. Pattenden, Sudbury	40
Capt. Ronnie, Sudbury	40
Capt. Charlton, North Bay	40
Chand. J. Smith, Midland	40
Capt. Clunk, Owen Sound	40
Capt. Craig, Hamilton	40
Capt. Bushkin, Parry Sound	37
Lieut. Stickle, Parry Sound	37
Sergt. Stevens, St. Catharines	37
Cadet Greenwood, Temple	37
Capt. Bowers, Huntsville	35
Lieut. Stickle, Huntsville	35
Capt. Culbert, Little Current	35
Lieut. Christopher, Little Current	35
Lieut. Reynolds, Bowmanville	35
Florie Potter, Hamilton I.	32
Bro. Dixon, Temple	30
Capt. Capper, Kilmount	30
Sister Matthews, Lippincott St.	30
Capt. Kivell, Lippincott St.	30
Bro. Bevel, Oshawa	30
Edythe Pollard, Oakville	30
Capt. Poole, Chesley	30
Capt. Cornish, Dovercourt	30
Bro. Hustin, Lisgar St.	30
Capt. Dales, Midland	30
Lieut. Phillips, Midland	30
Sergt. Slater, Fenelon Falls	28
Lieut. Liddard, Aurora	27
Capt. Stephens, Aurora	27
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	25
S. M. Hovens, Lisgar St.	25
Sergt. Tuck, Lisgar St.	25
Lieut. Howcroft, Fenelon Falls	25
Sister Rose Trinity, Newmarket	25
Sergt. Howell, Riverside	25
Lieut. Culbert, Yorkville	25
Bro. Moore, Lippincott St.	25
Capt. Brooke, Oshawa	25
Sergt. Kane, St. Catharines	25
P. S. M. Courtmanche, Norland	25
S. M. Stundon, Bracebridge	25
Sister Robinson, Oshawa	25
Sergt. Moore, Yorkville	25
Sister Kennedy, Yorkville	25
Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket	25
Mrs. Capt. Lison, Uxbridge	25
Mother Curry, Hamilton II.	25
Lieut. Marshall, Richmond St.	25
Lieut. Garding, Bowmanville	25
Sister Gilmartin, Temple	25
Pearl Hinton, Oakville	25
Mrs. Julian, Dovercourt	25

EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

102 Hustlers.

Capt. Martin, Charlottetown	20
Capt. Piercey, Sydney	15
Capt. G. Thompson, Glace Bay	15
Mrs. Hargrave, St. John I.	15
P. S. M. Smith, Windsor	15
P. S. McQueen, Moncton	15
Mrs. Saiters, Hamilton	15
Mrs. Adj. Fraser, Halifax I.	15
Lieut. Meikle, Campbellton	10
Capt. Brehaut, St. George's	10
Lieut. Doyle, Yarmouth	10
Cadet Redmond, St. John I.	10
Noah Flood, Hamilton	10
Capt. Allan, Carleton	10
Capt. Armstrong, Halifax I.	10
Lieut. Murrough, North Sydney	10
Sergt. Pike, Houlton	10
A. Ramie, Bridgetown	10

Capt. Welch, Woodville
G. Hudson, Charlottetown
Sister Martell, Glace Bay
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown
Capt. Miller, Fairville
Mrs. Melroy, Hamilton
Mrs. Kidd, Fredericton
Lieut. Webb, Canning
Capt. Wilson, Fredericton
Capt. Mercer, Liverpool
Cadet Lieut. Forey, New Brunswick
Capt. McElhenney, New Brunswick
Capt. Cowan, Southey
Capt. Bell, St. George's

PACIFIC PROVINCES.

41 Hustlers.

Sergt. Glenn, Butte
Lieut. Johnson, Nelson
Capt. Southall, Missoula
Capt. Noble, Spokane
Capt. Cain, Revelstoke
Sister Mrs. Wilson, Vancouver
Sergt. Wallender, Ross
Mrs. Ensign Cummings
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, L. ...
Lieut. Boyer, Kailash
Capt. Walrath, Anco
Mrs. Capt. Hooker, W.
Mother Hooker, White
Bro. Whipple, Vancouver
Adj. Stevens, Helena
Capt. Gooding Rossland
Lieut. Floyd, Anco
Capt. Kroll, Vancouver
Mrs. Adj. Ayre, West
Adj. Babinington, Spokane
Sister Nesbitt, Helena
Staff-Capt. Galt, Victoria
Capt. Langill, Kamloops
Capt. Miller, Nanaimo
Capt. Perrenoud, Kailash
Treas. Mortimer, West
Sister N. Porter, Victoria
Sister B. Wyse, Helena
Bro. H. Preston, Spokane
Ensign Kerr, Butte
Sister Fortsch, Rossland

A STUDY IN EXPRESSIONS, or, HOW BRO. SIBBINS, OF CENTRAL ONTARIO, CHANGED HIS TUNE.



Hurrah for Nigger!



I bet he's first again.



What?



You don't say!



Hurry up with that water! I feel sick.

bound	50
ago	51
5	52
53	53
54	54
55	55
56	56
57	57
58	58
59	59
60	60
61	61
62	62
63	63
64	64
65	65
66	66
67	67
68	68
69	69
70	70
71	71
72	72
73	73
74	74
75	75
76	76
77	77
78	78
79	79
80	80
81	81
82	82
83	83
84	84
85	85
86	86
87	87
88	88
89	89
90	90
91	91
92	92
93	93
94	94
95	95
96	96
97	97
98	98
99	99
100	100

vs. WEST.	
N PROVINCE.	
Hustlers.	
Charlotte	101
Sydney	102
son, Glouce	103
St. John L.	104
Windsor	105
Moncton	106
Hamilton	107
aser, Halifax	108
Cambridge	109
St. George's	110
armouth	111
St. John L.	112
Hamilton	113
Charlotte	114
St. John L.	115
Halifax	116
North Sydney	117
London	118
ogtown	119



Hurry up with that water! I feel sick.

R CRY.

15

Sugar from Water-Melons.

A farmer and gardener, of Bowling Green, Kentucky, has recently, so it is reported, made an excellent quality of syrup from water-melons, and will shortly attempt to convert some of the crop into sugar. In an interview, the farmer referred to stated, "From eight-melons, weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds, we made two gallons of one pint of syrup. We cut the melons in halves, cut out the pulp, and put it in a cider-mill, and pressed it the juice. We boiled the juice in rechin kettles on the kitchen stove for twelve hours. With a cider-mill and hot air or steam-evaporator, two men make twenty-five or thirty tons of syrup per day. According to above figures, it would take about hundred and seventy melons to make thirty gallons of syrup. With a and an evaporator, a farmer and or two hands could realize one hundred per cent, more than the ordinary value by making them into syrup giving the refuse to cattle, horses, chickens, which eat it greedily."

The Danger of Self.

Dangerous as the devil is, dangerous as worldly amusements are, the most dangerous enemy we often have to encounter walks in our own shoes. That cunning, artful, smooth-tongued heart-devil, self, is the foe that needs the most constant watch, and subjects us to the worst defeats. "The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary one to the other." Paul had a tremendous battle along these lines, beating down his carnal nature by hard blows, and the old hero was able at last to shout, "I have fought a good fight, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."—Dr. Cuyler.

Our Bodies and the Drink.

Who can contemplate the wonder, the beauty, the vast utility, the benevolence, the indescribable fitness of this organization, and not feel that this vice of intemperance, which aims directly to destroy it, is an arch-robustion of our unities: twining not merely to create a conflict between the nicely-adjusted principles, but to assure the triumph of that which is low, base, sensual and earthly, over the heavenly and pure: to convert this so curiously-organized frame into a disordered, crazy machine, and to drag down the soul to the slavery of grovelling lusts.—Edward Everett.

Yes, or No?

It is often a good thing for ourselves to be compelled to answer "Yes" or "No." A great many people will shirk duty, who would not openly and in words refuse to do it! A strawberry man found the benefit of making people say yes, or no. He began to raise strawberries near a village. When he had but few—having picked them the day before, or when not ripe enough—he had numbers of people sending for berries. But when he had "a great run," as he called it, he had so many berries he did not know what to do with them, hardly anybody came! So he began a different plan; he would "take them round." And he found, as he went to people's doors, that many times, when they had not thought of getting any that day, still they would take a basket or two when they came to the door. He said that in this way he compelled people to say yes, or no, and they did not like to say no, when they saw the tempting red, ripe berries before them. And all this is a "parable," with a good practical "moral."—W. W. S.

Two Good Rules.

There are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart: "Never to believe any bad about anybody unless you positively know it to be true; never to tell even that unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it."—Henry Van Dyke, D.D.

Lord Roberts' Religion.

A writer in the British Weekly gives the following beautiful method: "I hear that Lord Kitchener wrote some weeks ago to a friend, that he considered Lord Roberts the most perfect human being he had ever met. Of Lord Roberts himself I heard a touching little story yesterday. Some children, personally known to me, who had seen Lord Roberts and thought him the greatest of living men, ventured to write him a letter and to send it to South Africa. They gave the address of their homes, but only their Christian names. In their letter they spoke of their admiration of Lord Roberts, and said they always remembered to pray for him. Imagine the joy of these children when they received a reply from Cape Town in Lord Roberts' own handwriting. I am not permitted to give the letter here, but it was simple, touching and beautiful. He asked the children to go on praying for him, adding, 'I need your prayers.'"

U PLEASE

ACKETS

.....\$6.75, \$7.50, \$8.75

.....\$7.00

.....\$8.00

.....\$2.25

.....\$1.00

per yd. 50c.

" 75c.

" \$1.15

" \$1.15

Merino

Merino

Samples and Measurement Forms supplied on application to

THE TRADE SECRETARY,

18 Albert Street

Toronto, Ont.

KITCHEN SCRAPS.

What Christ Said.

By GEORGE MACDONALD.

I said, "Let us walk in the fields." He said, "No, walk in the town." I said, "There are no flowers there." He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the skies are black. There is nothing but noise and din." And He wept as He sent me back: "There is more." He said, "There is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick. And fogs are veiling the sun." He answered, "Yet souls are sick. And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light. And friends will miss me, they say." He answered, "Choose to-night. If I am to miss you, or they."

I pleaded for time to be given. He said, "Is it hard to decide? It will not seem hard in heaven. To have followed the steps of your Guide."

The Bible is like the leaves of the lemon plant—the more you bruise and wring them, the sweeter the fragrance they throw round.—McOheyne.

AN EXCELLENT EMBELIC.—In case of poisoning, one tablespoonful of mustard in half a pint of warm water is within reach of everybody, and is an excellent emetic.

LEMON SAUCE.—Take one lemon, two ounces of castor sugar, one pint of water. Cut the lemon peel into very narrow strips, taking care not to admit any of the white. Squeeze the juice into the water, and add the peel and sugar. Boil until clear.

Before cutting a boiled pudding, place your knife and spoon in hot water, and dry both. This precaution prevents the pudding being made heavy.

Save all cold vegetables and fry them, together with cold potatoes, seasoned highly with pepper and salt, for a breakfast dish, with fried bacon.

Save soap-suds, if you have a garden, for they form a very useful manure for flowers, as well as shrubs and vegetables. It is well to have a sunk tub in every garden, where the soapy water can stand till required for watering.

Capt. Welch, Woodstock	20
G. Hinson, Clark's Harbor	20
Sister Martell, Glouce Bay	20
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	20
Capt. Miller, Fairville	20
Mrs. Mehoy, Hamilton	20
Mrs. Kidd, Fredericton	20
Lieut. Hebb, Canning	20
Capt. Wilson, Freepoint	20
Capt. Mercet, Liverpool	20
Cadet-Lieut. Pusey, Sackville	20
Capt. McElheney, New Glasgow	20
Busiga Larder, Houlton	20
Capt. Cowan, Southampton	20
Capt. Bell, St. George's	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.	
41 Hustlers.	
Sergt. Glenn, Butte	220
Lieut. Johnson, Nelson	200
Capt. Southall, Missoula	108
Capt. Noble, Spokane	103
Capt. Gain, Revelstoke	101
Sister Mrs. Wilson, Vancouver	85
Sergt. Walkender, Rossland	77
Mrs. Busiga Cummings, Great Falls	70
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Livherston	70
Lieut. Bouyer, Kalispell	68
Capt. Walrath, Auncoula	62
Mrs. Capt. Hooker, Whatcom	62
Mother Hooker, Whatcom	62
Bro. Whipple, Vancouver	62
Adj. Stevens, Helena	60
Capt. Gooding Rossland	50
Lieut. Floyd, Auncoula	50
Capt. Krell, Vancouver	50
Mrs. Adj. Ayre, Westminster	50
Adj. Robinson, Spokane	47
Sister Nesbitt, Helena	46
Staff-Capt. Galt, Victoria	45
Sergt. Lewis, Victoria	45
Capt. Langill, Kamloops	45
Capt. Miller, Nanaimo	40
Capt. Perreault, Kamloops	55
Trans. Mortimer, Victoria	35
Sister N. Porter, Victoria	35
Mrs. B. Wyseu, Helena	34
Bro. H. Preston, Spokane	34
Ensign Kerr, Butte	30
Sister Forteth, Rossland	25



Jesus is Able.

Tunes.—Jesus is strong to deliver (B.J. 41).

1 Why are you doubting and fearing?
Why are you still under sin?
Have you not found that His grace
doth abound?
He's mighty to save, let Him in.

Chorus.

Jesus is strong to deliver,
Mighty to save! Mighty to save!
Jesus is strong to deliver,
Jesus is mighty to save.

You say, "I am weak, I am helpless,
I've tried again and again";
Well, this may be true, but it's not what
you do,
"Tis He Who is "Mighty to Save."

When in my sorrow He found me,
Found me and made me be whole;
Turned all my night into heavenly light,
And from me my burden did roll.

When in the tempest, He hides me;
When in the storm, He is near;
All the way long He carries me on,
And now I have nothing to fear.

Walk with Me.

Tunes.—Dear Thy Spirit (B.J. 15);
Room for Jesus (B.J. 16); Friend
of Jesus (B.J. 28); Oh, it is glory
(B.J. 82); Hail, Thou once-despised
(B.J. 125).

2 Jesus, Saviour, I am waiting,
Waiting to be cleansed from sin;
Now for Thee my all forsaking,
Come and speak me pure within.

Chorus.

Walk with me! Walk with me!
Walk with me! Walk with me!
All the way from earth to heaven,
Blessed Master, walk with me!

Jesus, Saviour, I am praying—
Praying Thou wilt, every day,
Never leaving, ever staying,
Walk beside me all the way.

Jesus, Saviour, I will follow—
Follow just where Thou shalt lead;
Through the path bring pain and sorrow,
Yet supply my every need.

Jesus, Saviour, I am leaving—
Leaving all to follow Thee;
Now, by faith, Thy mercy receiving,
Thou art living now with me.

Other Choruses.

Speak to me! Speak to me!

Live with Thee! Live with Thee!

Fight for Thee! Fight for Thee!

We'll Fight.

Tunes.—And Long Syne (B.J. 37); Con-
fession (B.J. 75); No other argu-
ment (B.J. 7).

3 The precious blood is just as red
As when my Saviour died;
The crimson flow for you was shed,
For sinners' purification.

Chorus.

All together:
We'll fight beneath the dear old Flag,
Lasses:

We'll lift the banner high;

Lads:

We'll fight beneath the dear old Flag,

All together:

We'll fight until we die.

So many saints can shout and sing,
They've got the power complete;

With souls on fire, the world to bring
And lay at Jesus' feet.

Then, sinner, you must be forgiven!
Or else in hell be cast;
It was for you His side was given,
His Blood can cleanse the past.

Companions, shallow, light, and gay
Soon charm your worldly mind;
Poor sinner, you had better pray,
In Jesus mercy find.

Have Jonathan Nicholson, Wmbl
Corps.

Hallelujah!

Tunes.—Over Jordan (B.J. 17).

4 We are soldiers of the Lord,
Saved and happy through His love
On the bright and heavenly road
Hallelujah!
We will fight and never tire,
Till we gain our heart's desire,
And we'll win by Blood and Fire
Hallelujah!

Chorus.

Hail Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
We will fight for Christ, our King
And poor sinners to Him bring
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
And the victory we shall win,
Hallelujah!

To our colors we'll be true,
North the Yellow, Red, and Blue
By His grace we will go through
Hallelujah!

When our fighting here is o'er,
And we march the heavenly shore,
Then we'll shout for evermore,
Hallelujah!

Sister E. Penn, Walthamst.

Pass Me Not.

Tunes.—Death is a King; Pass me not
(B.J. 14).

5 Pass me not, O loving Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by!

Chorus.

Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,
And while others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by!

Let me at Thy throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Knowing there is deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit
Save me by Thy grace.

Return, Prodigal.

Tunes.—Oh, you must be a lover (B.J. 14); St. Stephen's (B.J. 191); Cor-
nant (B.J. 21); St. Peter's (B.J. 128); Remember me (B.J. 10); Evan
(B.J. 123).

6 Return, O wanderer, return,
You still are loved, though lost;
To stop your going to hell to burn
Your Saviour's life has cost.

Chorus.

Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord!
Or you can't go to heaven when you die.

Return, O wanderer, come back
To all the joys you had;
When marching on the heavenly track,
You knew your soul was glad.

Return, O wanderer, come home
To all your comrades dear;
Why will you to damnation roam,
When Jesus draws so near?

THE COMMISSIONER

WITH THE

Cycling Brigade

OF

RED CRUSADERS,

WILL CONDUCT

GIGANTIC TENT MEETINGS

AT THE FOLLOWING PLACES:

PORT HOPE, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, July 4th, 5th
and 6th,
BOWMANVILLE, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, July 7th, 8th
and 9th.

Colonel Jacobs and Brigadiers Friedrich
and Pugmire

Will Assist the Commissioner, taking Prominent Part in all
these Meetings.